Saturday Review
February 8, 1964 25¢

THE CREATIVE DILEMMA

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An appraisal of the risks and rewards in the arts today

By James Baldwin and Joseph Wood Krutch

Ernst Haas (Magnum)—From "Creative America."

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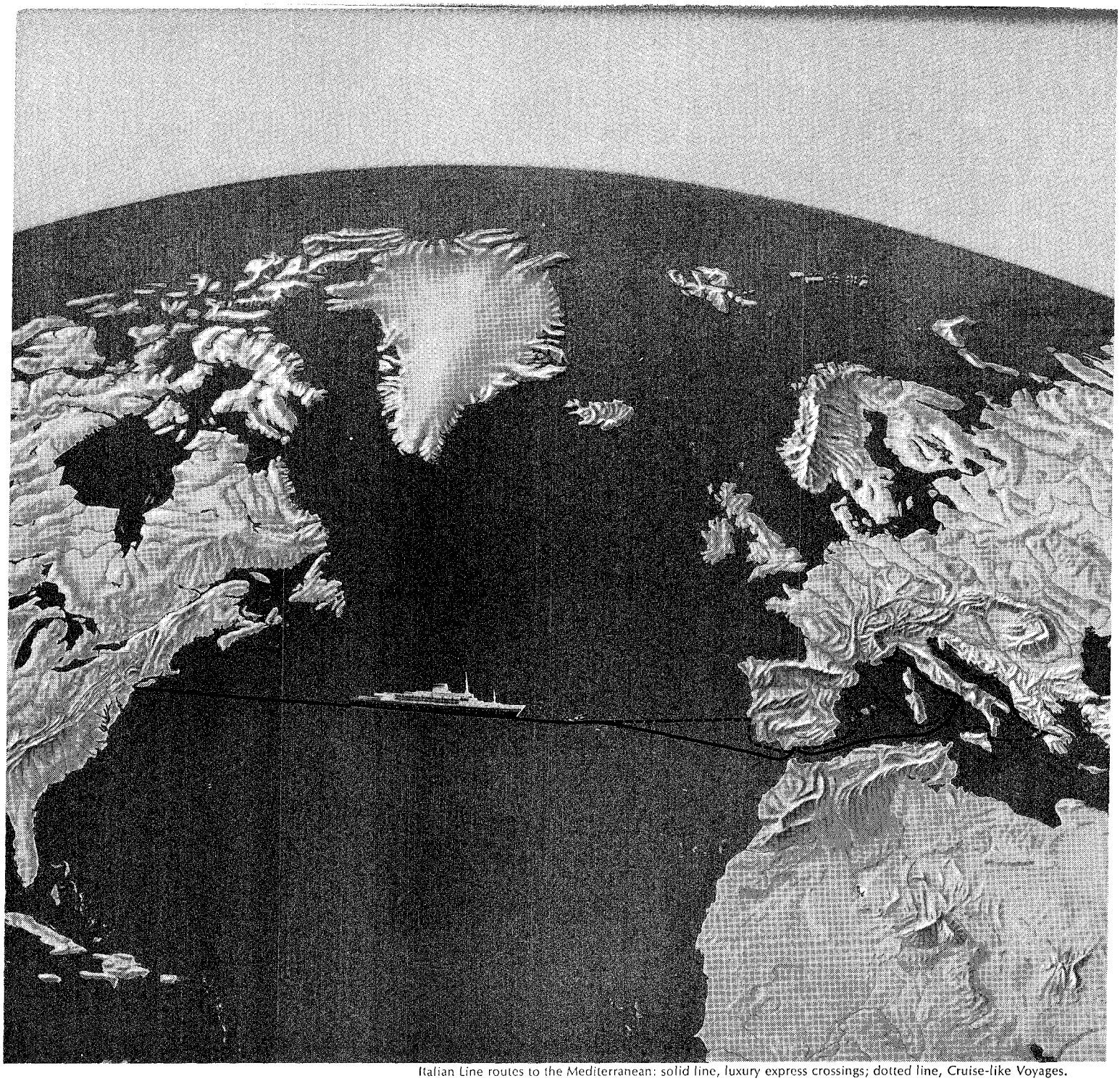

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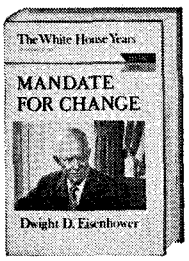

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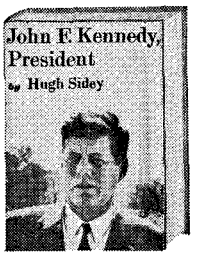

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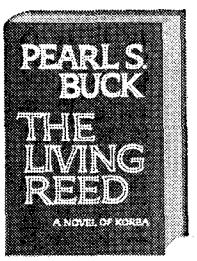

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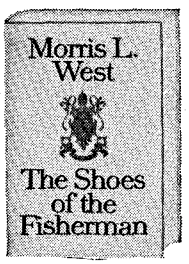

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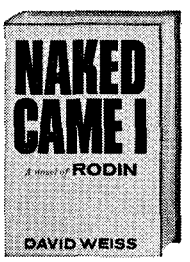

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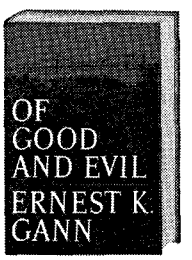

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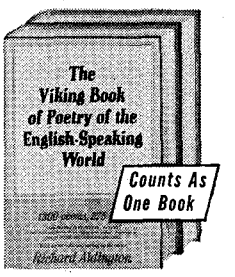

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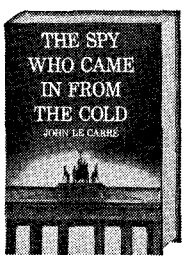

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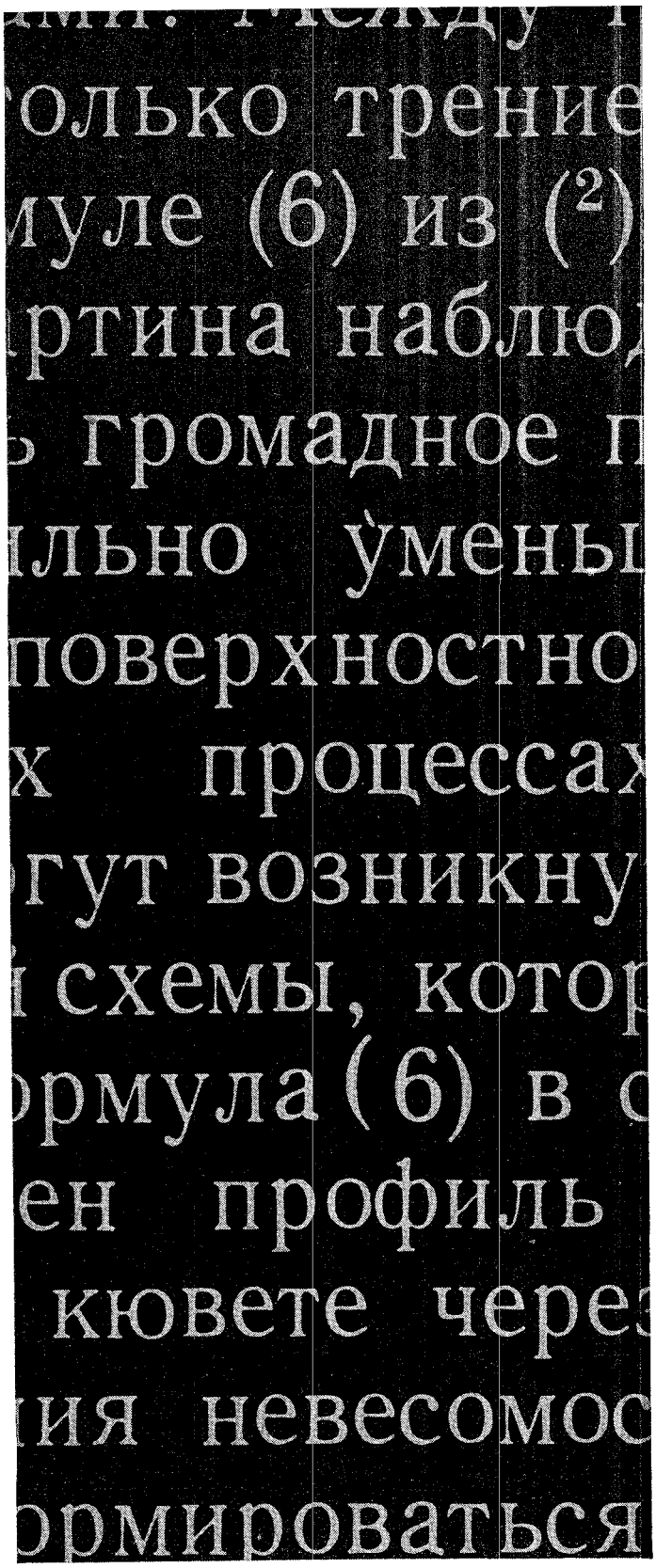

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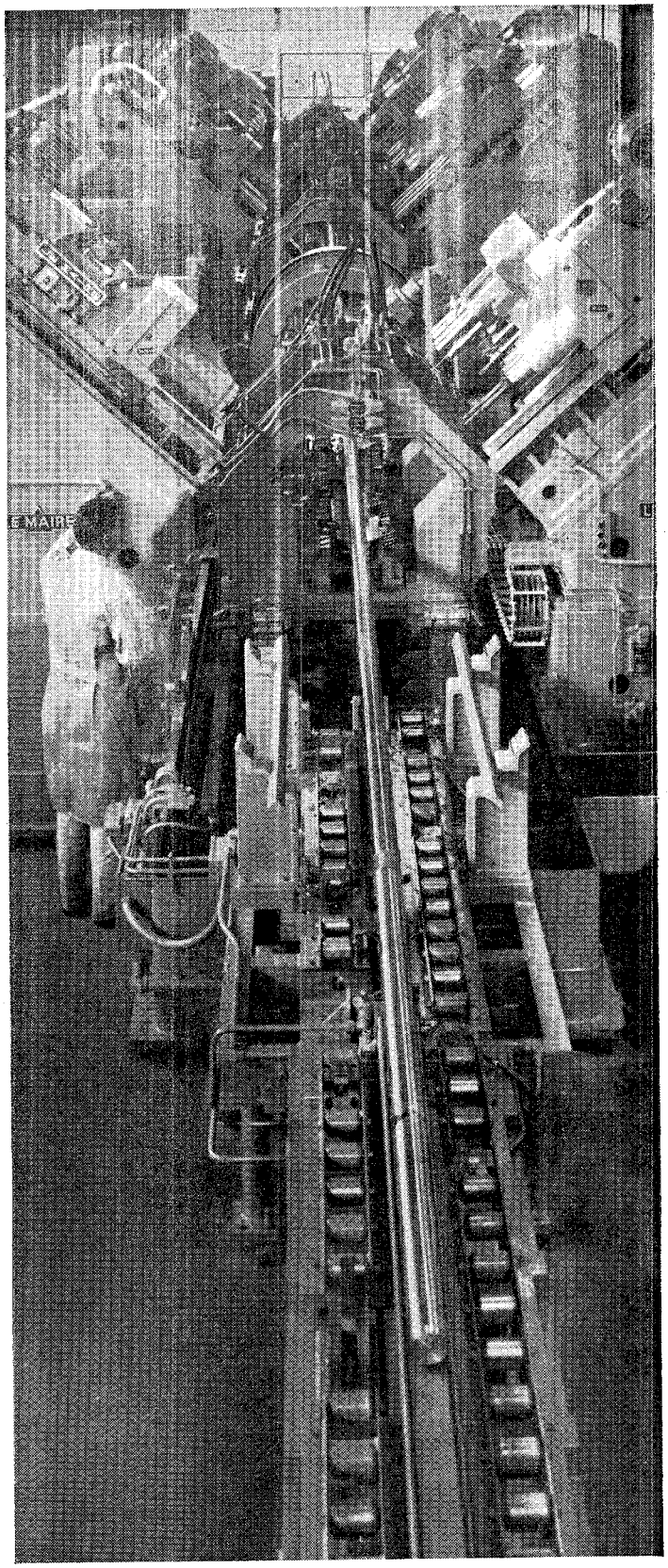

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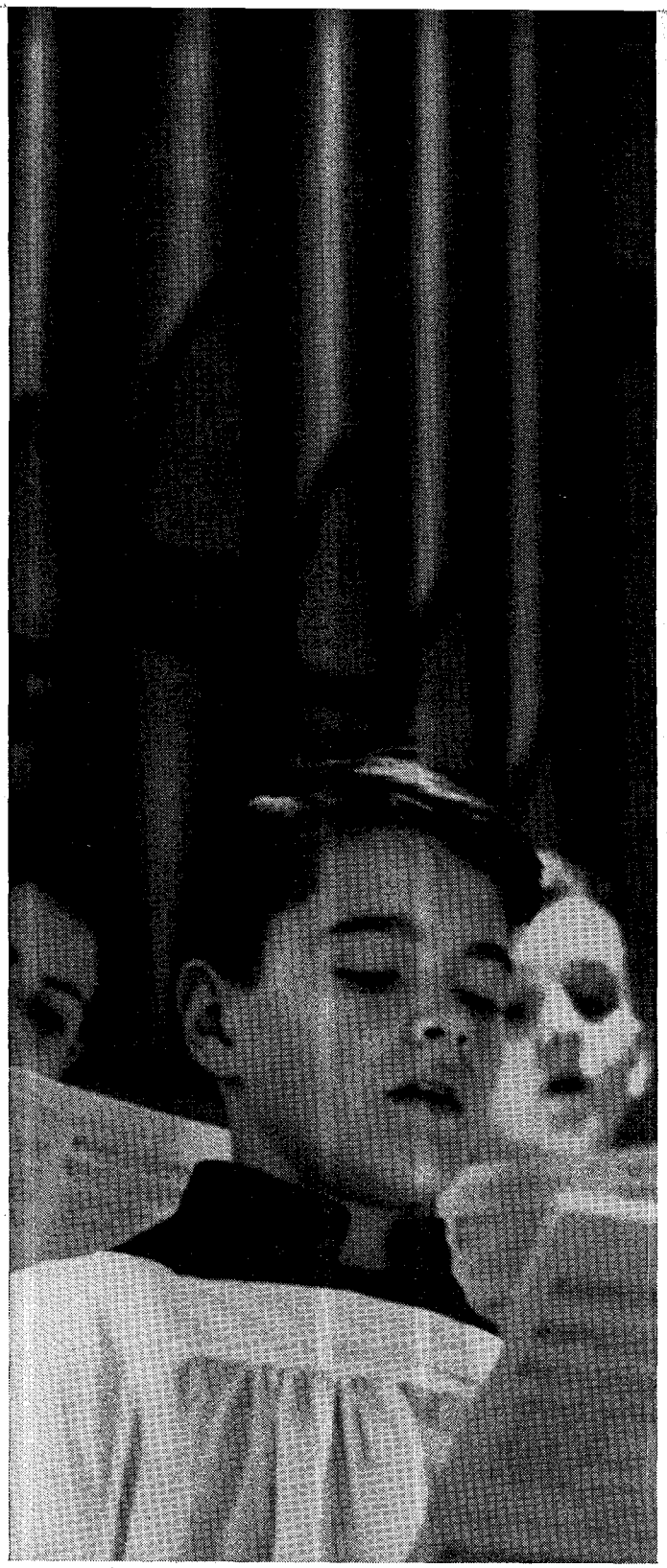

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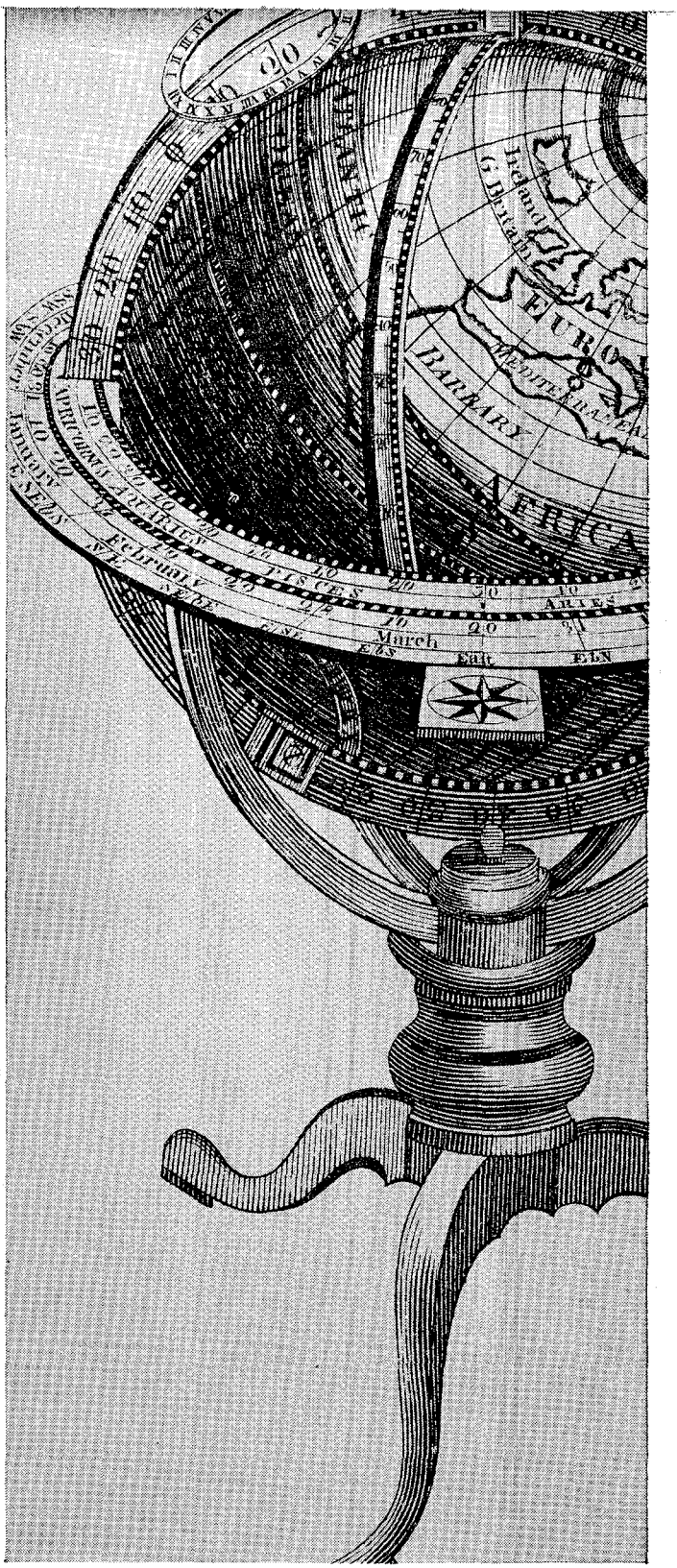

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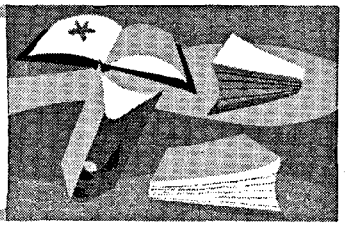
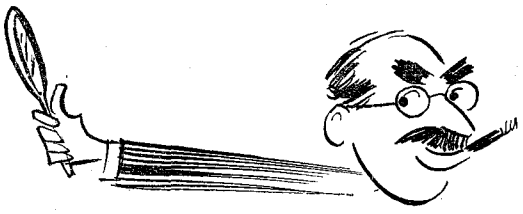
Trade Winds



We had no sooner finished outlining our basic plan to do away with all critics by having authors review their own books [*SR*, Jan. 11] than a late entry came in to add fuel to the fire. It was from Groucho Marx, of all people, and offered his own carefully chiseled review of his own new book, *Memoirs of a Mangy Lover*:

"Given about three yards of sheer effrontery," he writes, "any Groucho



Marx could have written this book. But the naked truth is that I am the only Groucho Marx who did. To review a book of this stature—ah, there is a reef on which any ship of fools might well founder. Consider for a nonce or two the dazzling intrepidity with which the author has braved the boudoirs of dallying damsels and the caddish gusto with which he tells all (a phrase dear to any publisher's heart). It is enough to give one pause, and what better thing could any reviewer give?"

In his previous book, *Groucho and Me*, he had a thing or two to say about critics and their unrestrained power. He pointed out that no other clan was granted such immunity to throw knives, or had such power when it did.

"Did you ever hear," he writes, "of a farm critic coming out and saying, 'Farmer Snodgrass's corn is not up to his last year's crop.' Or, 'Another year's crop like this one, and he'll be back digging sewers for the county asylum."

Through a secret agent we were able to trace the history of Groucho's declaration of war on editors, as revealed through his letters to various people at Bernard Geis Associates, the intrepid publishers who bring Groucho to the bookstalls-at-large.

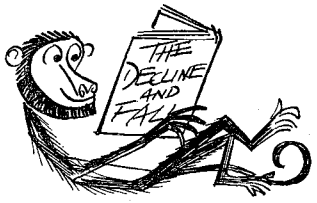
Groucho's recent correspondence with the gentleman at Bernard Geis assigned to copy-edit his latest manuscript shows his irreverent attitude toward an editor's queries.

On a question regarding a word change, Groucho wrote: "You say you don't care for 'tubercular' and prefer 'tuberculous.' Personally, I wouldn't care to have either."

On a question about a slightly altered quotation from a philosopher, Groucho commented: "What my secretary does with the classic phrases I dish out is beyond my control, but you must realize she has only been in this country for twenty-seven years. (Incidentally, she is quick to tell me that she went to Northwestern University, where I understand you are now majoring in Trivial Corrections."

On a question about monkeys, Groucho scrawled the comment: "I have always been under the impression that gibbons were simians which are generally found swinging from branch to branch in the Congo. I've always known that Mr. Gibbon was responsible for *The Decline and Fall*, not only of the Roman Empire, but of many a student."

On a question of grammar, Groucho snarled back to his editor: "I, too, pre-



fer Henry James's to Henry James'. The fact of the matter is, I prefer Jesse James."

Groucho's closing words to publisher Bernard Geis are alone worth the price of admission to any of his letters:

"My best to your wife, who if she had waited a while longer, might have married a success. . . ."

"Regards to you and the family, assuming that they are still living with you. . . ."

"My best to that whole group of sexpots who infest your office from 9:00 to 5:00, or if I know you, from 9:00 to 6:00. . . ."

Any publisher foolhardy enough to take on the perpetrator of some of the most horrendous jokes in history is of course, bound to earn his just deserts. It was, for example, in *Animal Crackers* that Groucho explained that he would prefer to search for ivory on an elephant hunt in Alabama than in darkest Africa, because "it's much easier to get the tusks out, in fact you'll find Tuscaloosa."

It was Groucho who said that he was going to bet on a favorite horse during a rainy day, because he heard that the mare was a good mudder who ate her fodder.

And it was Groucho who wired a club of which he had briefly been a member: PLEASE ACCEPT MY RESIGNATION. I DON'T WANT TO BELONG TO ANY CLUB THAT WILL ACCEPT ME AS A MEMBER.

In spite of these and the thousands of other monstrosities he has uttered, Groucho remains one of the most literate and well-read gentlemen ever to take a book out of the public library. He is a vociferous reader who can discuss the ancient or modern literary scene with pungency and wit.

And in spite of Groucho's irreverence, you get the feeling in talking with him that he's soft as a down pillow underneath. In his final comment to the editor who scoured his manuscript, he wrote: "At any rate, I want to thank you for going through this assorted nonsense." In commenting on a forthcoming visit to New York, he wrote his publisher: "I will be staying at the Plaza in the same suite as of yore (or as of mine). The last time I was there, I caught a rat in my room. I think it was the manager, but I'll let you know when I see you."

In his uninhibited television show, Groucho never pulls a punch when he gets a hapless contestant on the stage in front of him. But everybody loves him for it.

Groucho's story about a middle-aged couple who circled him two or three times on a Chicago street sums up the way nearly everyone who sees him in person or on television feels.

The wife of the couple finally came close to him, looked at him intently, then said: "You're him, aren't you? You're Groucho."

Groucho nodded. Then the woman touched him timidly on the arm and said:

"Please don't die. Just keep on living." —JOHN G. FULLER.

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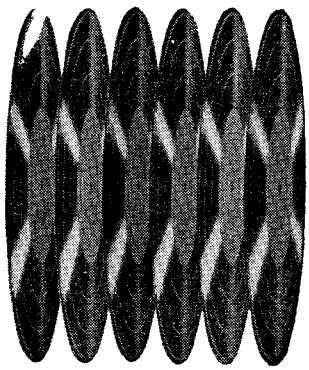

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On the Inclusion Of Miniature Dinosaurs In Breakfast Cereal Boxes

A post-historic herbivore,
I come to breakfast looking for
A bite. Behind the box of Brex
I find *Tyrannosaurus rex.*

And lo! beyond the Sugar Pops,
An acetate *Triceratops.*
And here: across the Shredded Wheat,
The spoor of *Brontosaurus* feet.

My mind too dim to dwell upon
A model of *Iguanodon,*
I hide within the Raisin Bran;
And thus begins the dawn of *Man.*

—JOHN UPDIKE.

The Camel

THE BIBLE says that rich folks have about the same chance of getting into Heaven as a camel has of passing through a needle's eye. In capitalist countries there's a rich folks' lobby that goes around explaining that the needle's eye is really a gate in a wall and a camel can make it all right just by bending down a little. In socialist climes they simply throw out the rich folk and toss their Bibles after them.

Everybody knows that a camel can go for a month without water but it can't. Five days is about the outside. Four days for a normal, run-of-the-desert, burden-toting (half a ton) camel. And everybody knows that a camel has one hump but if it has two you have to call it something else. Wrong. It's still a camel. One's Arabian and the other is Asian, but the system for remembering which is which is like the system for remembering which elephants have big ears.

The flesh of the young camel tastes a lot like veal and is a very popular dish with Arabs who can't get veal. Camel scaloppine is a big seller in Damascus. Camel's hair is good for paintbrushes and overcoats, and camel's milk is allegedly quite nutritious but it won't turn into butter. Yak's milk makes butter but it smells terrible.

It may interest you to know that a camel is the only mammal whose red corpuscles are oval. If you're not interested you are a tough nut indeed.

The other big news is that this beast lives for forty or fifty years in a state of profound stupidity. An Englishman named Palgrave, who spent a lot of time in Arab countries, said that ". . . he is from first to last an undomesticated and savage animal rendered serviceable by stupidity alone. . . ."

The largest-selling nonfiltered cigarette in the U.S. is Pall Mall.

—HENRY MORGAN.

Nineteen Seventy-four

(. . . with a salute
to *The Child Worshippers*)

MISS Kindergarten America of 1974 hitched up her garters and teetered back to her hotel room overlooking the boardwalk. She was a very small beauty queen and it had been a tiring day, the most exciting day of her whole life. She had done it! She had won the title and next year, Mommy promised, she could enter the preliminaries for the Miss Pre-Sub-Teen America pageant. Oh, Mommy was so happy!

As soon as she closed her door, she stepped out of her high heels and ripped off her girdle. Gee, that felt good! Standing all afternoon at the coketail press party had been awful.

She undressed and stood at the mirror, looking at her figure. When she had reached the semifinals, she had stopped eating cookies and ice cream and started smoking. Then she had really lost a lot of weight. Daddy called it "baby fat" and said leave it alone, but Mommy said after all, the child *is* five and it's about time she thought about her shape. (She didn't really like the taste of cigarettes too much, but ever since the sixth graders got their own smoking lounge at school, all the younger kids sneaked a few drags at recess, hiding under the slide. And then it got to be a habit.)

She carefully removed her makeup with Big Idea Moisturizing Cleanser, slapped on some Big Idea Skin Freshener and Big Idea Hormone Night Cream. She considered not setting her hair but knew it was hopeless. Her perm was growing out and this morning Kenneth had teased her hair so much (to make it look natural), she knew it would collapse overnight. Maybe she'd run in for a comb-out after breakfast.

A half-hour later all the rollers were in place and she rubbed her aching arms. She laid out her dress for the next day's festivities—a stunning little nothing from Saks, all shape and line. She'd be able to wear it to the PTA first-grade dancing classes next year, so $89.95 wasn't really expensive. Even Mommy had said it was a thoughtful investment.

She set her clock-TV for 6:30 and tucked in her doll family for the night. Santa Claus had brought her the whole set last Christmas. It came in a big box with three double beds and a new educational toy, "The Mating Game." There was Grandma Barbie and Grandpa Ken and Daughter Sally and Son-in-Law Rob and their daughter Lolly and her boyfriend Tom. Sally came equipped with snap-on bosoms and snap-on tummies and a yummy wardrobe of maternity clothes so you could pretend she was in all different "months."

She got under the covers and lay on her side, her arms and legs curled up under her chin. The rollers hurt like anything. She thought how nice it would be to go home and see Daddy. She really hadn't spent much time with him since Tabitha Carleton's fifth birthday coming-out party. Ever since that night, she'd been busy working for the title.

The party had been lots of fun but, gee, what a mess after those third-grade boys crashed it and spiked all the cokes. All those broken windows and doll furniture thrown all over the beach. . . . But still, it was the publicity that had started her on the road to the crown. Mommy took her straight to the modeling agency in New York, and she hadn't been so busy since she was three and a cheerleader for the Little Punks Tiny Football League. Now here she was, at last, Miss Kindergarten America.

She tried and tried to find a comfortable position but something didn't feel quite right. Something was missing. Then she remembered and ran over to the closet. Oh good! No one had found the bag she had stuffed behind her mink stole. She went back to bed. With her mangy teddy bear, an old plush elephant, and a somewhat soiled rag doll cuddled fiercely in her arms, she fell sound asleep. —CAROL SCHACHTER.

Barbie and Ken, Senior Citizens

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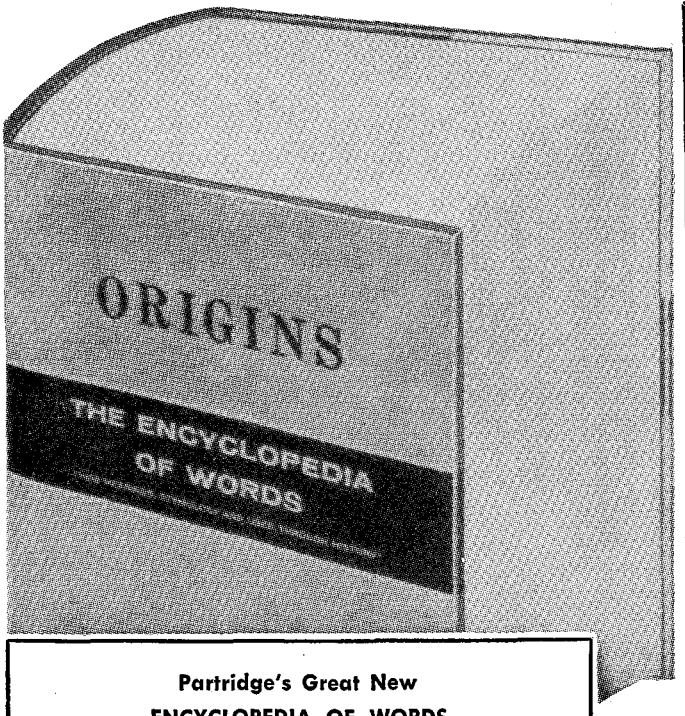

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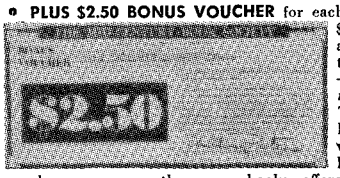

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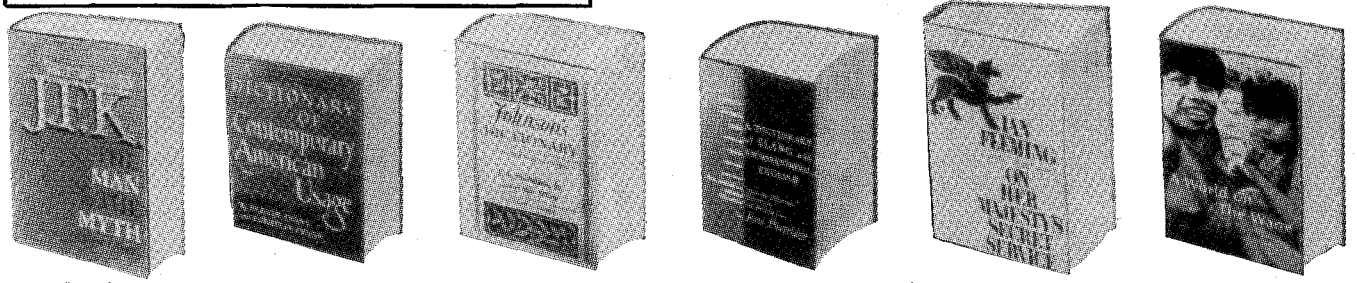

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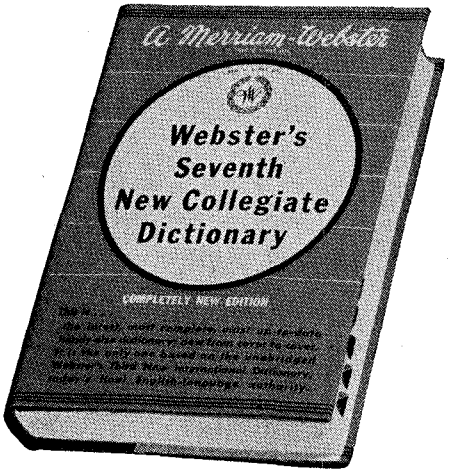

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

JOHN TEBBEL, author of this work, is Chmn., Dept. Journalism, N.Y. University; contributing editor, **Saturday Review**; has written for **Newsweek, Detroit Free Press, The N.Y. Times**; author of the book, **Makers of Modern Journalism**, among others.

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THE CREATIVE DILEMMA

1. *"The war of an artist with his society is a lover's war."*

By James Baldwin

PERHAPS the primary distinction of the artist is that he must actively cultivate that state which most men, necessarily, must avoid: the state of being alone. That all men *are*, when the chips are down, alone, is a banality —a banality because it is very frequently stated, but very rarely, on the evidence, believed. Most of us are not compelled to linger with the knowledge of our aloneness, for it is a knowledge that can paralyze all action in this world. There are, forever, swamps to be drained, cities to be created, mines to be exploited, children to be fed. None of these things can be done alone. But the conquest of the physical world is not man's only duty. He is also enjoined to conquer the great wilderness of himself. The precise role of the artist, then, is to illuminate that darkness, blaze roads through that vast forest, so that we will not, in all our doing, lose sight of its purpose, which is, after all, to make the

2. *"It is from the artist that society gains its loftier images of itself."*

By Joseph Wood Krutch

THE STORY of man's adventures and achievements on this planet can be told in many different ways. Today it is most often told in terms of his technological advances—which is to say in terms of his assumption of power over his physical environment. Sometimes it is even assumed that any other achievements are mere consequences of his success in this grand enterprise, and extremists have gone so far as to suggest that the measure of a civilization is simply the horsepower available per unit of population. Nevertheless, the story can also be told in various other ways, such as, for instance, in terms of his beliefs, ideals, convictions, and standards of value. Sometimes, though less often, it has been told in terms of his creative imagination as revealed in his art.

All of these things go hand in hand. All are manifest in the earliest, or at least almost the earliest, evidence we have of man's existence as an animal who had begun to exhibit characteristics different from those of any other animal. He had hardly invented the first crude tools and weapons before he began to ornament them and, in this as

These two articles appear here through special arrangement with Ridge Press, publisher of the book *Creative America*, which was prepared for the National Cultural Center, soon to be constructed in Washington as an official memorial to President Kennedy.

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world a more human dwelling place.

The state of being alone is not meant to bring to mind merely a rustic musing beside some silver lake. The aloneness of which I speak is much more like the aloneness of birth or death. It is like the fearful aloneness that one sees in the eyes of someone who is suffering, whom we cannot help. Or it is like the aloneness of love, the force and mystery that so many have extolled and so many have cursed, but which no one has ever understood or ever really been able to control. I put the matter this way, not out of any desire to create pity for the artist—God forbid!—but to suggest how nearly, after all, is his state the state of everyone, and in an attempt to make vivid his endeavor. The states of birth, suffering, love, and death are extreme states—extreme, universal, and inescapable. We all know this, but we would rather not know it. The artist is present to correct the delusions to which we fall prey in our attempts to avoid this knowledge.

It is for this reason that all societies have battled with that incorrigible disturber of the peace—the artist. I doubt that future societies will get on with him any better. The entire purpose of society is to create a bulwark against the inner and the outer chaos, in order to make life bearable and to keep the human race alive. And it is absolutely inevitable that when a tradition has been evolved, whatever the tradition is, the people, in general, will suppose it to have existed from before the beginning of time and will be most unwilling and indeed unable to conceive of any changes in it. They do not know how they will live without those traditions that have given them their identity. Their reaction, when it is suggested that they can or that they must, is panic. And we see this panic, I think, everywhere in the world today, from the streets of New Orleans to the grisly battleground of Algeria. And a higher level of consciousness among the people is the only hope we have, now or in the future, of minimizing human damage.

The artist is distinguished from all other responsible actors in society—the politicians, legislators, educators, and scientists by the fact that he is his own test tube, his own laboratory, working according to very rigorous rules, however unstated these may be, and cannot allow any consideration to supersede his responsibility to reveal all that he can possibly discover concerning the mystery of the human being. Society must accept some things as real; but he must always know that visible reality hides a deeper one, and that all our action and achievement rests on things unseen. A society must assume that it is stable, but the artist must know, and he must let us know, that there is nothing

(*Continued on page* 58)

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well as in other ways, to exhibit his concern with something other than naked utility. Thus he invented not only art but also ritual and religion as accompaniments of his various practical techniques, and he became man the thinker and dreamer as soon, or almost as soon, as he became man the maker.

To be human has always meant to be concerned, to some extent, with a complex of activities that involve both those directed toward survival and physical comfort and those that furnish an occupation for mind and spirit. The impulse to invent or represent through the medium of words or lines is as natural and spontaneous as any other impulse toward the fulfilment of inherent capacities. It manifests itself early in the childhood of the individual and in the childhood of the race. To inhibit or frustrate it is to risk anxiety and discontent.

Notoriously, however, the development of this or that aspect of man's multiple activities and interests has been most rapid and successful at some times and among some peoples. We speak with admiration of the achievements of this nation or culture as they are evident in science or art or philosophy or government. Sometimes technology stands nearly idle while artistic creation and graceful social customs flourish so astonishingly that a single century transforms almost out of recognition the mental landscape among which a people lives. The Greeks wrote poetry, history, and philosophy by the light of smoky lamps whose design had changed hardly at all in 10,000 years.

Perhaps the Greeks did not change the lamps they wrote and read by because all their interest and effort were centered upon what they were writing and reading. Perhaps we rushed from a lamp not very much better than theirs to the fluorescent light in approximately 150 years, while making no such advances in other desirable directions, because it was just in technology that we discovered our special talents.

It has been cynically said that whereas the Middle Ages learned how to build cathedrals, it was reserved to us to discover how they could be most quickly and completely destroyed. That is an aspect of the truth that may, indeed, be as important as the other aspect—which is, that we have also enormously increased the length, comfort, and at least temporary security of human life. In any case, the central fact is beyond dispute: ours has been an age in which man the maker has triumphed spectacularly, while the creative imagination that produces art—to put it so mildly that the statement can hardly be questioned—has not manifested itself sufficiently for us to outshine and outclass the ages that went before us.

Those who not only admit but emphasize this fact take various attitudes toward it. The simplest is to say that we should continue to devote our effort and attention to the development of those talents we have discovered to be particularly ours; to leave other enterprises to other peoples and other times. Some have gone even further. They say we have discovered not only the correct enterprise for us but, after many millennia of fumbling with impossible aims and meaningless questions, what the human being is really fitted for. According to them, Aristotle was guilty of a fundamental mistake when he answered the question "What is man for?" by replying, "For contemplation." Man, so some of Aristotle's successors insist, is a stupendously clever maker, while his as-

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pirations in other directions are doomed to perpetual frustration. The so-called fine arts, as well as all thought other than scientific description of phenomena and the discovery of the ways in which the physical world may be manipulated, belong to the infancy of the race. The man of the future will lose his taste for them. He will acquire more power, comfort, and security. He will be interested only in utility and function. He will be content to have become exclusively man the maker—and the maker of only those things that directly serve his survival or his comfort.

Not many have expressed this conviction in so extreme a form or in terms of a logical extraction, but it is related to what was, not unnaturally perhaps, a widely prevalent attitude in a country that was rushing forward as rapidly as ours from wilderness to its present position as the richest, most powerful, and technologically most advanced nation in the world.

A late nineteenth-century tycoon is said to have remarked in all simplicity that America had no need of artists, since we were in a position to buy from Europe all the treasures of the past that we had any use for. And though there were only a few who had arrived at a conviction so clear and concise, those who thought (or even did not think at all) on the subject, assumed that artistic creation and artist appreciation were frills—good enough in their way, but best left to elegant, otherwise unemployed women and to those male misfits who were somehow incapable of doing the world's work, while virile and capable men devoted their energies to inventing machines, building factories, and accumulating wealth. If, as the second Samuel Butler said, Englishmen supported the vicars of the Church of England in order to have someone to be virtuous for them vicariously, so even the more enlightened members of the American plutocracy were willing to do no more than give rather contemptuous support to those who would, vicariously, create or admire art for them.

This assumption that the arts are, but are actually no more than, ornaments and graces superimposed upon the solid structure of a civilization is, of all assumptions, the most stultifying. The most dangerous enemy of intellectuality, as well as of artistic creation, is neither the exponent of science and technology nor, on the other hand, the simple philistine. The most dangerous enemy is the one who pays lip service to art as somehow desirable enough as long as it is regarded as the mere graceful embellishment of a prosperous life rather than as an activity that, since the first emergence of man, has been a concern of every fully developed human being. As George Schuster has so wisely said, a civilizing education cannot aim or wish to produce a nation composed exclusively of saints, philosophers, and artists, but it ought to aim at producing one in which every educated man can to some extent participate in the experience of the saint, the philosopher, and the artist.

TO what extent is that ideal being approached in the United States today? On the one hand, there certainly exists a body of writers, painters, and composers larger than ever before, along with a larger audience for their work than ever before. What critics call "high art" engages the attention of a considerable public, while "the popular arts" are responsible for an entertainment industry that both creates and absorbs more wealth than any similar enterprise in the whole history of the world.

Yet the situation is not as encouraging as it might at first seem. Though a considerable number of highbrows and the majority of those content to accept classification in the lowbrow category put their faith in movies, television, jazz, and popular music as new forms of a folk art out of which an art great by any standards will grow, there is a fallacy in their argument: most if not all of our popular art is not folk art at all, but something manufactured, handed down, and even imposed upon a sort of captive audience.

THE creators of a genuine folk art are themselves members of the folk. They share its interests, tastes, preoccupations, and standards. Like the makers of proverbs, their work represents the wisdom of many and the wit of one. But Hollywood, Madison Avenue, and tin-pan alley are not folk institutions. The most successful creators who operate with them are likely to collect Picassos or read James Joyce. To them their audience is what Hollywood used to call "the peasants." They calculate and contrive what peasants will like.

As an extreme but not unrepresentative example, take the case of a very popular TV performer who was interviewed in a recent issue of *TV Guide* concerning his attitude toward a sensationally successful serial. This performer lives on an estate in the San Fernando Valley. For years he studied music. Classical composition is his favorite pastime. His living room contains a Steinway concert grand and a thirteenth-century tapestry. "The rest of the house," according to the article, "abounds in antiques and unusual art objects." Yet concerning his major occupation, the manufacture of a serial which has just been renewed for the fifth year, he has this confession to make: he no longer studies his lines. "I just skim over them before each scene. The dialogue and the character don't change; just the locations." It is a glowing tribute to the writers, he says, that "audiences are able to watch the show without losing their dinners." He would like to depart quickly from the series but is restrained by a contract. "I have no serious gripe. It's been good to me. But now it becomes a question of which will live longer, the show or me. I'm hoping to outlast it, but I'm not confident." Is this an example of a promising folk art?

Commenting on the general situation of which this is typical, André Malraux first recognizes the unparalleled extent to which the popular arts have

"I've lost my will to live, except on weekends."

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met response from the public until, as he says, the whole of a pulsating, incoherent mass of dreams is the dominant feature of its inward life. Then he adds: "Confronting the great shapeless dream surging out of the unconscious crowds, with its imperious demands, its childish angels and cheap heroes, stand the only forces as powerful as they, and which we acknowledge only by their victory over death." These forces are the forces embodied in the great art of the past with which it is necessary to make connection again if a genuine modern civilization is to be created. "The dialogue between a fantasy life, sweeping over half the world, and the resurrection of a global past is not a minor characteristic of this civilization. . . . culture is the free world's most powerful guardian against the demons of its dreams, its most powerful ally in leading humanity to a dream worthy of man."

IMPLIED in these remarks is the only adequate conception of the role of art or the artist in a technological, or in any other, civilization. But to what extent is what Malraux calls the "dialogue between the shapeless dreams of mass culture and genuine expressions of man's artistic creations" actually taking place? On the one hand, the encouragers of shapeless dreams continue to propagate them, while taking private refuge in their Steinways and their tapestries. On the other, those who should and no doubt would prefer to confront shapeless dreams with genuine products of the creative imagination are, in overwhelming proportion, what it is now fashionable to call "alienated"—from their nation, from the human race, and often from the universe itself. Never, with the possible exception of the world of the Roman Empire, has so large a part of the best artistic creation been bitter, despairing, contemptuous, and destructive. With rare exceptions, the works most, and most justly, admired by intellectuals are counsels of despair. We produce parodies, denunciations, and nightmares. On the whole, our best artists are engaged in disrupting patterns, smashing forms, and deliberately cultivating dissonances in painting and music, as well as in poetry, fiction, and drama. They engage in no promising dialogue with either the statesman, the scientist, or the majority of their fellow citizens. They have, in their own way, signed off from their civilization almost as effectively as has the cultivated manufacturer of the shapeless dream.

There is precious little meeting of minds in actual dialogue, and because there is not, neither the intellectuals nor their artistic fellows supply what is lacking in even the most benevolent proposal to advance toward a truly humane

civilization. It is certainly not worth while to lecture the artist on his duty to society or to urge him to be optimistic and helpful. He has, indeed, been so admonished from time to time by writers in influential publications of the sort that he dismisses as "middlebrow," but without any result other than an increase in his alienation. Perhaps the problem of how to promote a rapprochement, to persuade intellectual and artist to join rather than to alienate themselves still further from the society that so desperately needs them, might be approached from the opposite direction. Perhaps artists are so completely alienated from the society in which they live partly because it has so persistently alienated itself from them—in one or another of the ways this essay has attempted to describe. If the artist should do something for his society, would it not be advisable for the society to do something more for him than it has done in the past?

Of all human activities, of course, the creation of literature, music, and works of plastic art is most unpredictable, the least responsive to deliberate cultivation. Of all human beings not certified as delinquent or psychopathic, the artist is not infrequently the most stubborn, wayward, suspicious, and rebellious. The merest suggestion that he can be profitably directed by the nonartist causes his hackles to rise. He wants to be praised and he will usually accept (though often refuses to be grateful for) financial support. But otherwise he wants to be left alone to go his own way. What he believes with considerable justification to be the low esteem in which society holds him, he repays with an even lower estimate of those who are not members of his brotherhood. Though he suffers from the fact that he is not sufficiently appreciated, he also glories in it, and (to use the current term) he is of all men the most "inner directed" and, to that extent, anarchistic.

OR so it appears. For society is organized, is aggregated, is interdependent and centrifugal. Its gravitational force is made up of common assumptions, common denominators, commonality. It has ever been intolerant of anarchy, uneasy about the antithetical, fearful of implied threats to its stability—even its existence—in contrary thought and action.

And into this category of subtle dan-

(*Continued on page* 58)

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HOW TO GET BY ON $10,000 A WEEK

By GOODMAN ACE

SORRY I took so long but I was busy being television's highest-paid comedy writer.

Unquote.

Newspaper television critics seem to have a morbid and unfriendly preoccupation with money. "Is it true," they invariably ask, "that you get $10,000 a week for writing that program?" And in their eyes you read the rest of the question: ". . . And they're not eating in Cambodia?" One interviewer asked, "Does it really take five people to write the Perry Como show?" The question, of course, was well put when you consider a good hunk of that writing consisted of "And now in a gayer mood we take you to Latin America, where we hear the rhythmic beat of the Bossa Nova." I took the fellow aside and whispered that it didn't really take five writers and prevailed on him to keep it confidential, the unemployment problem being what it is.

Clippings from over the country come to this desk and as I swim through this Sargossa Sea of TV critique of last week's program I notice that with some cleverly conceived convolutions the writer always winds up with the money question. Harriet Van Horne, who writes a distinguished column for the New York *World Telegram*, did it most gently: "Surely television's highest-paid writer could have come up with a better finish for the sketch." There is, of course, an assumption here that the same finish would have seemed better if the writer hadn't been paid so much.

This rondelet of invective goes on season through season. It reached a climax recently when even the little woman timidly asked: "Dear, can't you take a job for five thousand a week like everybody else?"

Opening the trap of her hermetically sealed incubator, I explained why I couldn't afford it. Writing for television is not all writing. Taking a paycheck, let us say, of $6,500 a week, I ran down the list of nondeductible tangible intangibles. First, writing for a medium in which *The Beverly Hillbillies* program is No. 1, there is an immediate loss of dignity. That averages out to $1,355 a week. And when you lose your dignity there quickly follows a loss of integrity. My integrity I calculate at $22.80.

Then there is the business of coaching, coaxing, and coercing the Star for whom you write. Coaching consists of line readings. For instance, one week there was the line: "Between you and me." And that's the way it was printed on the cue card. On the air the Star read the line: "Between you and I." Without mentioning it to the Star, I inserted the same line the following week. Again it came out: "Between you and I." The third week I had him. The line now read "Strictly between us." The Star read it: "Strictly between you and I." For coaching: $680.40.

Coaxing the Star to do the material is a matter of appealing to his courage to read a line that he thinks may reflect on his taking sides in a social problem. In a script there was the character of a United Nations delegate from a mythical country. The straight man said: "You speak good English. Where did you go to school?" The delegate replied: "Oxford." The straight man said: "Oh, England?" And the delegate replied: "Not Mississippi." The Star confided he felt we were treating the subject too lightly. After some beseeching and demonstrating that humor often points up human frailties as well as a seriously written editorial, the line was left in. The audience not only laughed but applauded the slight comment. Coaxing, $945.15.

Coercing a Star has to do with his opinion that, while he understands the line, his audience will not get it. Once on a program I was being most highly paid for we had as a guest Bob Crosby. In planning the script the writing staff decided it would be a novelty if we didn't mention his brother Bing. So we did it obliquely. The opening scene was Bob Crosby on the phone talking to the Star. "Hello," said Bob Crosby, "this is Bob Crosby." And the Star replied: "Hello, Bob, how's everything in Hollywood." And Bob Crosby replied: "He's fine." It took a week's rehearsal to convince the Star and Bob Crosby that the line should not be, "Bing's fine." Coercing, $725.30.

Without going into other details, there are also the matters of convincing a network official that the entendre was not double; convincing a sponsor you intended no conflict of interest when you wrote "It's a lucky day for me" on a Camel program; and then there is the important item known as the rating, better known in medical circles as the Nielsen syndrome. It is a scientific fact that the writer's blood pressure runs counterclockwise to the rating his show gets. When the rating drops, his blood pressure goes up. So the doctor gets his share of the loot.

In detail now:

Dignity	$1,355.00
Integrity	22.80
Coaching	680.40
Coaxing	945.15
Coercing	725.30
Network	940.25
Sponsor	715.30
Doctor	1,099.40
TOTAL	$6,483.60

So the actual writing of the program comes to $16.40.

But the whole thing is academic. I am presently unemployed.

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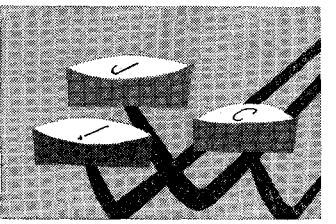
Manner of Speaking



Burning the Files, II. As I reported last week, I have been at my annual chore of burning the accumulated files of the finished year. Sufficient unto the year are the papers thereof. The archivists we shall always have with us, but let me yet believe that every desk and every man's psyche should be searched and thinned out from time to time toward the dreaming of starting afresh, the litter tidied, old sins forgiven, old identities canceled, and all the world new and possible again.

My last armful of notes, clippings, and letters has now made it into the fireplace, and though I cannot exactly claim that my psyche has been wiped clean, I can once more see my desk top, on which only these last few items remain, without my really knowing why, except that something stayed my hand from chucking them into the fire until I had looked at them again.

I Hope He Made It. From *Life* magazine I recently clipped toward the praise of possible man the story of Navy Lieutenant Frank Ellis and have saved it in admiration.

In July of 1962, Lieutenant Ellis found he was about to crash his jet fighter into a populated area and stayed with his damaged ship long enough to steer it into a patch of woods. By the time he felt free to eject himself, however, he was down to sixty-five feet. Somehow he survived, but at a frightful cost. Along with other injuries, he lost both legs below the knee.

If there is any vocabulary left us in which to praise a man, let me hope for as much of it as may speak a praise of Lieutenant Ellis.

Praise him first for his hard-pressed decision and for knowing how and when to make it. Lieutenant Ellis reported that at the time he found himself in trouble, his thoughts went back to a session in which he and other pilots talked about what they would do in a squeeze between bailing out over settled country or staying with the ship in the hope of crashing it into an open space. Lieutenant Ellis, in trouble, found that he had made his decision during the talk. Let me suspect he had made it long before in the very act of being himself.

And praise him once again for being the unstoppable man. Despite his double amputation, he fought the Navy's request that he resign, trained himself to pass every physical test required of a pilot, and insisted on being returned to flying duty.

As matters stood in late summer of 1963, he had won the Navy's permission to fly on limited status and was about to appear before a special board of flight surgeons convened to pass on his request for full flying status.

And so stands my file at year's end, for I have been able to find no further news of him. I hope some *SR* reader will have information that I may pass on.

I hope he made it. It only takes the technology of a society to design and build a jet, but it takes all the character of a society to put such a man as Lieutenant Ellis at the controls; and never until they are in the hands of just such a man are they really controls.

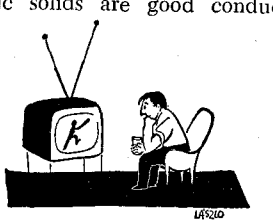
Universal Literacy. In the decline from praise to the sort of rueful recognition that better describes the world we are all trying to make a sad peace with, I find I have set aside two memos on the school system. I am indebted to John Reimann of New York for the following excerpt from the newspaper of what he describes (without otherwise identifying) as "one of New York's better-known progressive schools."

TEST TWISTS

We are often confronted in a test situation with a question which [sic] means nothing to us. If we are especially adept, we are able to make a glorious "something" out of this "nothing." The anonymous students (for our purposes X and Y) are truly artists in this field. Below are two chemistry test questions followed by X's and Y's responses. Spelling and grammatical errors have been left uneditted [sic].

QUESTION: Metallic solids are good conductors of electricity while [sic] ionic solids are not. Explain briefly but completely.

ANSWER: It is true that metallic solids are good conductors of electricity while other ionic solids are not. However, lets not get carried away with this statement because even though these metallic solids are good conductors they do have other bad qualities and implications, where ionic solids really don't have any truly bad features excluding the one mentioned above. This just goes to say that solids are of many different types and species and have many good and bad qualities just as other things do. Therefore, there is really no reason in taking sides in this case; it shows definitely lack of personnel integrity and good judgement on the part of those involved in this prejudice and injustice to the fine character of both ionic and metallic solids. This kind of prejudice can start here in this more or less unserious tone but can go on and have much more serious implications, implications that even I would not mention.



QUESTION: Explain briefly but completely—liquid hydrogen cloride [sic] does not conduct electricity, but hydrocloric [sic] acid does.

ANSWER: Liquid hydrogen cloride does not conduct electricity because it does not contain those substances which hydrocloric acid does not lack. However, though hydrocloric acid is a good conductor of electricity it too has its disadvantages.

In the same folder, for reasons that will, I hope, declare themselves, I had filed from the Los Angeles *Times* for April 28, 1963, a report by Mary Ann Callan on Dorothy Parker, schoolteacher. Miss Parker, it seems, had put in a rueful session at Los Angeles State College, and she apparently found in her classrooms plenty of solids but no conductors of electricity. A college, she discovered, is "18,000 students and 150 parking spaces." Within it, she was appalled to find no real pleasure in reading, a bland predisposition to happy TV endings, and a central lust for "three units" with the only regret that her course did not count for six. Asked by Miss Callan if she could write a satire about education in our modern colleges, she answered "It's much too sad to do that."

To which let me add only Ugolino's words to Dante in the last pit of Hell: "And if you do not weep, at what *are* you used to weeping?"

The American Language: Progress Notes. Nor, having lived through the year in which a hair remover leg-goo was plugged on TV as "fragrant odorless," can I consign my last scraps to the fire without quoting gratefully the following epitaph on the language by Mitchell P. Briggs of Fresno, California.

ANOTHER WORD ON WEBSTER'S THIRD

I imply and you infer,
But please take care and don't refer
To Webster's Third, which may imply
It's all the same to you and I.

—JOHN CIARDI.

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The White House Revisited

IT IS a house still possessed by the spirit and color of a man no longer there. The main desk is now occupied by a man substantial and able in his own right, yet there is a sense in the house of a persisting presence—inescapable, palpable, pervasive. Beyond the many physical evidences is an unmistakable suffusion, a sort of lingering electrical energy generated by the young President. He didn't just reside in or preside over the big house; he filled it—quite literally—with a special quality of aliveness. And the charge is still in the air.

The memories are much too new and strong to be assigned to history. There is first of all the memory of a man in motion. He would seldom sit at his desk for long stretches at a time. Very often you would see him striding through the corridors or the colonnade, his shoulders held high and seemingly bunched together in characteristic posture. Something was always happening at one place or another in the White House, and the President was always in the center of it. Some people thought it was restlessness. Those closest to him knew he liked to be on the move and to pursue things instead of waiting for things to pursue him.

You had the feeling at times that he felt cooped up and longed to sprint in an open field. Once, he found himself with seven free minutes before his next engagement, a 2 p.m. talk on the White House lawn to several hundred music students invited by Mrs. Kennedy. He hadn't yet had lunch, but he sped down to the White House pool, tore off his clothes, and plunged in. He did the backstroke with only one hand. In the other he held a card high above the water; it contained his notes for the talk and he studied them while swimming. After three or four circuits the President jumped out, the hunger of his body for exercise at least temporarily appeased.

The echoes of the last three years still race through the air in the big house. Sounds of great debates—not just on questions of political strategy but on philosophical values and the messages of history—are audible to those who listen and those who remember. There are also the sounds of laughter, of a man who knew that the greatest responsibility in the world was made not merely tolerable but comprehensible through full response to life and the enjoyment of living.

There was also a quality of silence and loneliness. The making of big decisions is the loneliest business in the world. The experts can swarm all over the place—for a time; but in the end it is one man staking the life of a nation and perhaps a civilization on the way his own mind turns. Few men listened harder or did their homework more conscientiously than he; but he recognized, too, that there are elements in important problems that go far beyond facts and into the unmeasurables and intangibles where the specialists stand on even ground with everyman.

People speak of his "style." That quality eludes definition; but whatever it was, a good place to look for it was at a White House dinner. There was something Jeffersonian about the range and depth of both guests and conversation. The young President was frequently in the questioner's role. He liked to hunt paradoxes and haul in contradictions. But he was careful not to pursue an argument after he knew he had scored the vital point.

Countless photographs, portraits, and candid snapshots are omnipresent in the offices of the men who worked closely with him. One of these pictures showed him stretched out on the deck of a racing sloop; he was reading a book. The title was not visible; judging from the unevenness of the lines, it may have been poetry. Another photograph showed him in slacks and sport shirt, grinning back at the cameraman. Still another showed him signing the nuclear test ban treaty that may well be the most signal accomplishment of his Presidency. There was also a photograph of him with his wife and children at Hyannisport.

THE depth of the tragedy is writ large in the faces of the men who worked alongside him in the White House and who continue to serve today. They are young, too, most of them in their thirties or forties; but they have been caught up in one of the greatest ordeals in modern history and they show it. What brought them to their jobs in the first place was not just an attractive proximity to power but a profound admiration and affection for their chief. And what has kept them in those jobs since his death is a desire to serve in whatever way they can. But the period of transition is fast nearing completion. Already there are signs that the new men are ready and perhaps impatient to take over the whole of the job themselves, as is natural. And so, most members of the team put together by the young President will soon be leaving, one by one.

Their sadness will not down, any more than that of the nation itself. But they will never lose the sense of privilege of having been close to a man fully alive. That privilege, in a larger sense, is the common property of the American people. —N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Where There's Smoke

CONGRATULATIONS ON THE announcement of *SR*'s decision not to accept cigarette advertising. I wish every magazine, newspaper, and TV and radio station would manifest this degree of intellectual moral, and financial courage.

ALVAN G. FORAKER, M.D.
Jacksonville, Fla.

N.C.'s EDITORIAL "The Danger Beyond Smoking" [*SR*, Jan. 25] argues that a portion of our society has grown callous to the "fragility and preciousness" of life. But smoking indicates not only callousness but also something equally dangerous. It indicates blind conformity—a negation of individual decision in the face of medical fact.

ROBERT LAROCCA.
Silver Spring, Md.

FAR FROM NOT caring, I believe most people are simply optimistic. It's always the other fellow who will be shot or who will die of lung cancer.

As long as there's a man of ninety who still smokes three packs a day, there will be many men of twenty planning to have the same good fortune.

CLARE MACDONELL.
Syracuse, N.Y.

What Is a Book Worth?

DAVID DEMPSEY'S column "The High Cost of Reading" [*SR*, Jan. 11], while informative, left a number of important questions unanswered. For one, the article failed to differentiate between paperback and hardcover books when discussing increasing costs. As a graduate student in history, I can testify that hardcover books in that field have increased in price considerably more than the 18 per cent indicated by Mr. Dempsey. . . . I can only assume that this figure includes paperback prices, which are themselves appalling today.

The reading public, Mr. Dempsey points out, has increased twofold since 1953. But how much of that increase is due to captive-audience sales to undergraduates assigned compulsory readings in paperbacks? Mr. Dempsey's suggestion that *voluntary* buying has doubled in spite of spiraling prices is open to considerable doubt.

"Who wants to begrudge a publisher his excess profits?" I do. And I'm sure I speak for a great majority of my fellow students.

WALTER J. STEIN.
Oakland, Calif.

DAVID DEMPSEY'S lament over the high cost of reading implies that there is something improper about the fact that some books sell for six times their production costs, whereas others may sell for as little as two or three times their production costs. This is like decrying the fact that seats in a theatre are priced without regard to what they cost at the furniture factory.

The holder of a copyright has been given purposefully, and legally, the right to sell his literary property in whatever way he feels will bring him the greatest reward. In most cases, his rewards are small, at best. In some cases, they can be rather large. With a property of the latter kind, the cost of production can be one of the least important factors in pricing policy. The objective of pricing policy is, quite candidly, to maximize net profit and not to minimize it.

The Congress of the United States need not have extended to writers this right to set and control the prices at which their literary property is sold, but it did so, and with the deliberate intent of ensuring to writers as much revenue as possible from their work, thus encouraging writers to produce more work of a kind thought to be of value to the public. . . .

Bewailing the high cost of original editions seems a bit like bewailing the surcharge on jet aircraft fares. If you are in a hurry, you pay a little more. If you have to put economy ahead of convenience, you wait your turn at the public library, or read something else until the appearance of the paperbound edition. There must be very few other products on which the alternatives open to the impecunious are anywhere nearly so satisfactory.

In view of the unchallenged right of the author and publisher to price their literary property at the point of highest net return, it is perhaps fortunate that their best interest so often coincides with the best interests of the reading public. Each of a writer's titles is unique. On the other hand, he does have to compete for the time of the reading public. Any reader who thinks a price too high need only defer his reading of that particular title and choose another priced more to his liking.

Surely the "high cost of reading" might, with justice, be retitled "the low cost of reading," because the average cost of the average book has actually dropped since World War II. This, of course, is due to the advent of the paperbounds, but is there any reason why the paperbounds should be ignored in any analysis of the cost of reading? During 1962 approximately 312 million copies of adult trade books were sold, of which 273 million were in paper. These books sold for an average of 59 cents apiece wholesale.

Even more important than price is the vast increase in the number of different titles available at paperbound prices. A pessimist might take note of the fact that paperbound prices themselves have been rising, but the rest of us can surely rejoice in the fact that there are now 25,000 titles available in paper editions that formerly were available only in cloth, or perhaps not available at all.

DANIEL MELCHER, President,
R. R. Bowker Company.
New York, N.Y.

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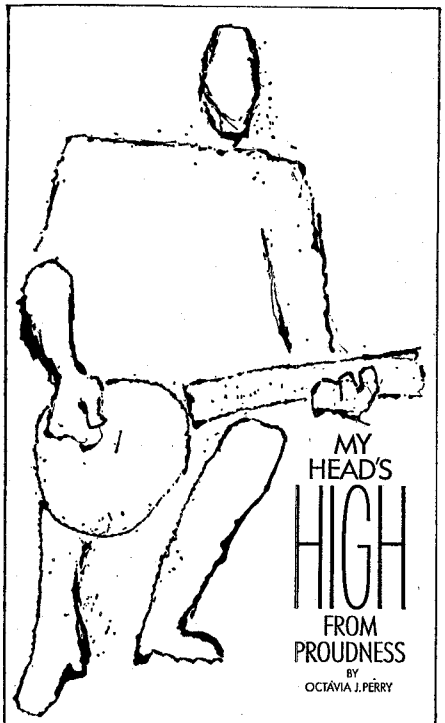

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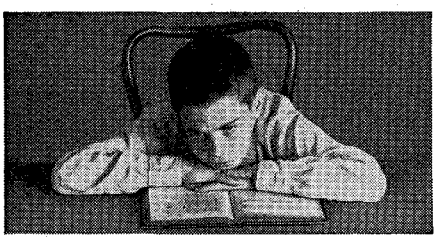

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Hello and Goodbye

ONE OF the zingiest musicals in some time is *Hello, Dolly!*, and its instant success represents a triumph of staging over a book, lyrics, and music that are not in themselves extraordinary. What Michael Stewart's new musical appears to do is to find places in the plot of Thornton Wilder's *The Matchmaker* where lively production numbers can be inserted. For instance, the invitation to the pretty milliner and her assistant to go dancing erupts for several minutes into a swirling, sweeping abstraction of the joy a neophyte might feel at suddenly encountering terpsichorean release. And Dolly's entrance at Harmonia Gardens is built up to outdo the warmest reception ever accorded a visiting celebrity. While these two vital numbers may not be very pertinent to the plot, they are justified because in spirit *Hello, Dolly!* has very much to do with the victory of gregarious pleasure and human feeling over tight-fisted, barren existence.

These two numbers also represent Jerry Herman at his melodic best. As for Mr. Herman's lyrics, these seem most amusing when the miserly merchant of Yonkers sings about how he longs for a wife "all powdered and pink, to clean out the drains and the sink." In the role of Dolly, Carol Channing manages to be outrageously aggressive and at the same time so constantly aglow with her own optimistic radiance that we can scarcely believe her when she describes herself as a dried-up oak leaf. Indeed, throughout the action Miss Channing is forever enjoying such warm personal contacts with everyone that her marriage to a rich old man seems a minor objective. Conversely, David Burns is so hilariously the essence of obdurate greed that we don't want to believe in his eventual reform. As the merchant's errant clerks, Charles Nelson Reilly and Jerry Dodge make a colorful, energetic pair, as do Eileen Brennan and Sondra Lee, who play their quarry.

Oliver Smith's scenery (which includes the happy notion of using old lithographs as backdrops), Jean Rosenthal's warm lighting, and Freddy Wittop's extravagant costumes all contribute to this gay spectacle. But it is to Gower Champion, whose choreography and direction so dominate the evening, that the major credit must go. Although *Hello, Dolly!* may not be totally engrossing, Mr. Champion has shaken up the ingredients so that they fizz.

Why is it that the mere spectacle of a dissolute poet merrily refusing to go gentle into "that good night" holds our interest so fascinatingly over an entire evening as it does in *Dylan*? One can take or leave the final contention of the play Sidney Michaels has pieced together from two biographies, which infers that the late Dylan Thomas was convinced that he had lost his talent and therefore deliberately created a colorful legend of his self-destruction in order to enhance his posthumous literary reputation. Then, too, the suspense of whether or not Dylan will show up for his lecture dates may have been agonizing in real life, but it becomes pretty tame stuff in the theatre.

No, the attraction of this play comes almost entirely from the melancholy tenacity with which Sir Alec Guinness portrays the poet. There is, to be sure, one eloquent moment in which Dylan explains why "Baa, baa, black sheep" is the story of his life, but there is little else with enough dramatic shape or focus to move us. And Dylan's blasphemous responses to what he found stifling in America are really no more than an anthology of quotes and disorderly incidents. Yet Guinness, who has adopted the look and the sound of Thomas, brings his own brand of sophisticated one-upmanship to the role. One suspects that when, in answer to a newspaperman's complaint that he doesn't understand his poems, the actor drolly replies, "Then read Robert Frost," he may have been much more cutting than was the less sanguine Thomas. It is this inner dialectic between actor and character that is so much more absorbing than the biographical details.

As Thomas's Irish-born wife, Kate Reid adds a dash of shrewish pepper. The rest of the cast have been given very little of consequence to do, so that, with the exception of one strip-tease dancer, the American complement not only seems pale but also seems to justify Thomas's professed dread of returning to America for another tour.

Oliver Smith's revolving turret of platforms and steps is workable, even though it loses purity when it is supplemented by other scenic illusions. Peter Glenville's understating direction avoids the danger of pretentiousness that is almost always present in plays about great writers. If it does not ever put a play in gear, it does at least sustain an atmosphere in which the personalities of Guinness and Thomas can meet and agree to thumb their noses at a number of unsatisfactory aspects of modern existence.

—HENRY HEWES.

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The Silent Sisters

INGMAR BERGMAN'S *The Silence* is the third in a series that began with *Through a Glass Darkly* and was followed by *Winter Light*. To use his own analogy, it is again a "quartet," which is to say that he has again limited his characters, confined himself to a stark minimum of severe settings, and concerned himself with human beings in moments of anguished despair. In this film, as in the others, he has sought a kind of cinematic purity, hoping that the images and the movement will convey feelings and emotions in themselves. In the previous two he restricted himself to naturalistic settings and to situations that could be considered "real." In *Through a Glass Darkly*, anguish found itself expressed in an eerie but believable act of incest between a deranged married woman and her young brother; in *Winter Light* a pastor could not find love for a mistress or find the God who would judge him; in *The Silence*, the situation takes on allegorical overtones, as two women suffer in the silence of their despair in a strange city where a strange language is spoken.

Their cryptic world is a bare one, made up largely of a hotel room which the sisters share for a brief time with the young son of one of them. It might be interesting to note here how fond the major European directors have become of hotel settings: Resnais, Antonioni, and Fellini, and now Bergman, have used hotels in their recent films. The hotel corridors in *The Silence* are long and characterless, seen through the eyes of the boy, who first wanders into a room occupied by a company of dwarfs (who entertain him by dressing him up as an angel), and then into the room of an aged hotel employee. The boy and the old man can communicate only through a faded family snapshot the servant shows him.

The sisters are here for a reason not told. The mother of the boy is separated from her husband. The other sister is a spinster and it is suggested, too, that she is a Lesbian, voyeuristic where her sister is concerned, given to the solitary sex act, and ill with a sickness that is not specified. The other sister is a lusty type who seems to want her pleasure where and when she can find it, but she resembles her sister in that her eroticism is unaccompanied by love for another. The theme of solitariness is buttressed by their inability to communicate through speech with others in the city, and by a strange nightly symbol: the tank that prowls the street outside the hotel. Eventually the sick woman is left alone in the room, in her total despair, to die. The mother and her child must go on, or back, somewhere else, perhaps in an attempt to escape the intolerable nature of this life, perhaps to find that most important link of communication, love.

The materials of the story, as can be seen, are stark and cryptic, kept purposely so, I would gather, so that the special language of film used by Bergman will affect his audience without the need for customary dramatic explication. No music on the sound track, no sounds of extraneous activity in the city are allowed to lighten the sickly gloom, the quiet horror. Isolation and alienation, from place and from people, are characteristic throughout the film.

Is it that despair has become the fashionable artistic toy of our time, or is it a predominant mood that an artist, in search of truth, feels it necessary to convey? Bergman's case seems to be that of an artist who will not accept religious answers to man's moral dilemmas, but nevertheless mourns the absence of security that a solid faith would have provided. The supreme power is now a tank that prowls the streets, to protect and to threaten. Antonioni would seem to have said that if man has lost his sense of identity, then he has lost his ability to love. Bergman is perhaps saying that if God has been lost, then he must be replaced; otherwise the nature of man becomes distorted. Thus the two sisters, struggling to express love, but not knowing how, except through helpless, meaningless eroticism. This note of eroticism winds its way through the film, hangs heavy over it. The more "normal" sister watches a couple copulating in an empty café cinema, and picks up a waiter. The other sister watches their silent love act, fascinated and horrified. (By the way, Bergman probably edited down these particular scenes for American consumption.)

His new film represents Bergman neither at his best nor his worst. It can be seen as a phase in his continuing artistic progression, and it can also be judged out of that context. Standing on its own, *The Silence* conveys its meanings at best obliquely, and mainly through antithesis. If the two sisters are comprehensible in their anguish, they are not tragic, because they have not been made so, and one is more chilled than moved by the delineation of their condition. —HOLLIS ALPERT.

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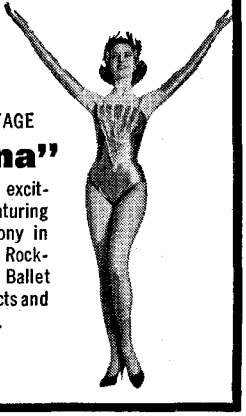

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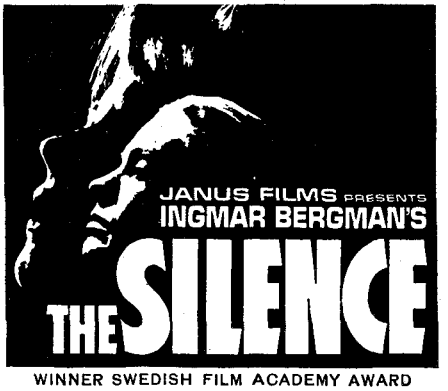

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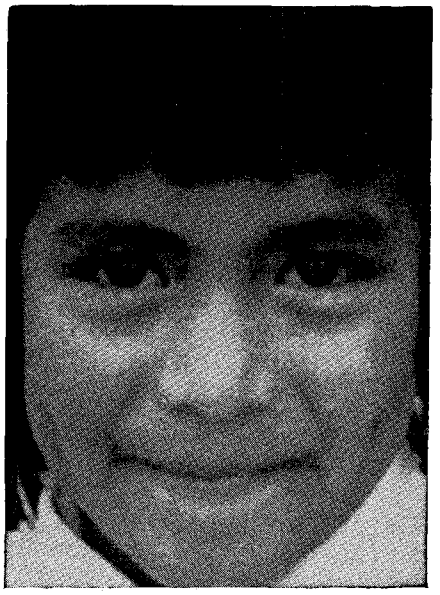

Her eyes tell you why...

Perceptive, intelligent, serious — so eager to learn. A little love and a little help would make a big difference in the life of this American Indian child.

For Cecilia Bright Eagle's parents are very poor. They have no money with which to replace her shabby clothing, to buy her personal books, or give her a cash allowance and other things she needs so much to attend the off-reservation school. So, when her non-Indian classmates gather to share some exciting little girl secret, or talk of a class-party or trip, Cecilia goes off by herself to hope, to dream, that one day she might share such fun and feel like one of them.

You, your school, your organization can help make a dream come true for Cecilia, or some other Indian girl or boy. Just a $10 monthly contribution provides one Indian child with suitable clothing, personal books and a cash allowance for school activities. It is an act of love that will bring you a heart-warming reward. A photograph, the story and letters from the child you help will start off a warm person-to-person relationship. Please give one Indian youngster an even break — and the sense of belonging to the wider world around him.

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TV AND RADIO

The Little Station That Won't

CONCORD, CALIF.

VICTOR IVES, vice-president of KWUN, a small, independent radio station thirty miles northeast of San Francisco, recently received a complaint from the Associated Press. The Bay area's AP representative said he never got any news from KWUN.

A few days later, Ives, a minority stockholder, telephoned the AP in San Francisco to announce that his station, located in Concord, would henceforth accept no cigarette commercials, as a result of the recent Surgeon General's report on smoking and public health. The news service immediately put the story on the wire, and papers across the country picked it up. While networks, tobacco companies, and advertising agencies were shifting gears ponderously to "re-examine" their policies on cigarette commercials, one local independent station had acted.

To look into the situation, I visited KWUN's office, where I met Ives and Ken Blasé, his news director. Ives told me that Dr. R. A. King, a Santa Barbara dentist "fascinated by investment in a radio station," is KWUN's majority stockholder; the wives of the two partners are the only other owners. KWUN went on the air in November 1961, and King and Ives later bought it from the original licensees. The previous owners had carried campaigns for Kent and Newport cigarettes.

KWUN had no tobacco accounts at the time the station announced its ban on cigarette commercials. "We're a suburban station, and we don't get much national spot business," Ives said. "Most of our accounts are local merchants." Since the FCC licenses radio stations to operate in the public interest, Ives said, "I don't see how broadcasting cigarette advertising can be consistent with the public interest in view of the government report." Ives and Blasé (both nonsmokers) estimated that KWUN had earned about $2,200 on cigarette advertising last year—a small portion of the station's annual $100,000 gross.

KWUN may have closed the door on a minor source of potential income by announcing its ban on cigarette commercials. Ives said that a salesman for a rival radio station in Contra Costa County had told clients that KWUN was "owned by a church." "That's not true," Ives said. "There's no hidden ownership here. I'm not against people smoking. I don't want to alienate tobacco companies. They will probably diversify and make other products. But we're operating an adult, family-type music, news, and sports station. We editorialize lightly and we're trying to follow the FCC recommendation that we encourage discussion of controversial public issues. We're the only station in town and we want the community to rely on us as authoritative. The big advertisers use the San Francisco stations. We must compete with those stations for the local housewife's ear.

"If the public understands what it read in the Surgeon General's report," Ives continued, "what can it think of a radio station that tells people on the hour every hour to go out and buy poison? It would be hypocritical to stress the pleasures and joys of smoking and not say that it contributes to cancer."

Ives said that he also plans to broadcast thirty-second spot announcements discouraging smoking. He does not think networks and large stations will take drastic measures but will tone down cigarette commercials and place them later in their schedules. "There's too much money involved," he said. "Here it was one man's decision. In a network, many men must decide—but if I were there, I think I would try to swing my weight." He hopes local stations can follow his example; he thinks that many suburban stations could ban cigarette commercials without being hurt too much financially. "Anyway, we don't get our licenses just to make money," he said. "A station can't be all take and no give."

Later I checked with the other two radio stations in Contra Costa County. One said it had no tobacco accounts but would definitely not ban cigarette advertising. The other had no tobacco commercials, either, but didn't know what its policy would be. "It's an interesting question," said the pleasant-voiced lady at the other end of the telephone.

It is indeed—the profound economic interests of great tobacco-growing states, big companies, and large numbers of citizens confronted with dilemmas of liberty, laissez-faire, and ethics. The decision apparently comes easier to Victor Ives in Concord than to the directors of a more impersonal network with vast responsibilities. But does the greater magnitude of the dilemma release one from the obligation of trying to solve it? —ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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Squeeze Play

UNDER the guise of active employment I seem to have frittered away at least some of the winter, as I review it all now, getting a cram course in citrus fruit culture in Florida, and a taste of the high life in Southern California [*SR*, Feb. 1]. The curriculum did not include subjects I would have chosen had they been electives, but the fountainheads of knowledge were ideally located when one considers what has been going on in the rest of the country.

The seat of my orange education was the metropolis of Wabasso, which can readily be located on most road maps with the aid of a patient eye and a high-powered glass. It lies south of Melbourne and north of Vero Beach, if that is any help to you at all, and it is the home of the Hale Indian River Orange Groves. The Hale people pick, pack, and ship right on the grounds—operations that can be studied by the passer-by. They also dispense what must amount to all the citrus impedimenta ever assembled under one roof—every bit of it for sale. In addition they serve, on receipt of one thin dime, all the orange juice anyone cares to drink. Such offers are interpreted as dares in some minds, and one Sunday four boys pulled up and quaffed four gallons of juice before they left, presumably in a dangerously hyperacid condition, for the sports car races down the pike. The Hale people were paid forty cents, for which they were required to squeeze about 200 juice-sized oranges—or roughly one full field box. Not all the growers are quite that ingenuous and at least one stand along the route offers all the juice you can drink for a dime, by which *they* mean one glassful is all you can drink for a dime. It's a novel interpretation, but it sure saves oranges.

Oranges began growing somewhere in the tropical regions of southeastern Asia long before man started to write his memoirs. A thousand years or more later, citrus growing had been adopted in India and Persia, spreading into North Africa. Its culture is entwined with Greek history and mythology before the birth of Christ. Arabs carried the sour or Seville orange into Spain, Genoese sailors and Roman soldiers took it to Italy, and the Crusaders brought cuttings back home from the wars. Columbus the redoubtable brought citrus plants to Haiti on his second voyage in 1493, and nearly a century later the Spaniards carried them into Florida, establishing an industry at St. Augustine. Later there were other settlements on Tampa Bay and the St. John's River. Indians who visited these civilized points took oranges back home with them, dropping seeds in the heavily forested areas and inadvertently starting wild orange groves. Some of the fruit that descended from wild trees later spawned groves that were rapidly expanded to meet the call from the markets in the North.

After the War Between the States, as they call that conflict in the orange belt, the citrus business developed some importance. In 1886 Florida shipped 1,000,000 boxes. It had grown fivefold by the winter of 1894-95, when a freeze wrecked the whole industry. The groves moved south after that, but it took nearly fifteen years to get production back into the 5,000,000-box bracket. Grapefruits, I had better tell you, have no common generic origins with oranges, or, if they do, history has no record of it. They first show up in the books on Jamaica when one Captain Shaddock brought a shaddock or pomelo into the Caribbean. Probably they derive from the pomelo, which is served today in Tahiti. Seedless grapefruits and a fancy refinement, pink seedless grapefruits, were developed just before the onset of World War I.

I'm not sure who took the census, but there are now 49,219,000 citrus trees planted in Florida, if you can believe the state's Citrus Commission. Two-thirds of all the citrus grown in the USA is plucked from branches of Florida's trees, and the box count is now up to 140 million. Somebody with nothing else to do has figured out that all the frozen orange juice concentrate packed in six-ounce cans laid end to end—well, the idea is ridiculous right there—would provide the Equator with a belt that would wrap around its middle four and a half times.

In the cool Florida weather—I hope they'll forgive the adjective in Tallahassee—oranges and grapefruits turn their proper color on the tree. But when the weather is warm they are picked green and dusty. They are put through a bath of soap and water, scrubbed with a brush, sprayed, and rubbed down. A treatment of heat and gas turns a grapefruit yellow and an orange orange without changing the quality or the taste of the goods inside. After all that, the fruit is coated with liquid wax, sealing its pores. Falling on a conveyor belt, shiny and bright, the oranges are graded for size.

Orange blossoms perfume the regions in February and March, and when it comes to fruit, Temples ripen in January and February, Valencias in March and April, and navels in the fall. Besides these common varieties, there are also such refinements as marsh-grapefruit, parson brown oranges, pineapple oranges, and tangelos, a cross between a tangerine and a grapefruit not normally shipped commercially.

When you run an orange stand in Florida, squeezing oranges is only part of the show. At the Hale people's place in Wabasso you can buy a foot-high orange tree that is guaranteed to live, grow, and bear fruit indoors or out. It comes in a plastic bag, and all you need

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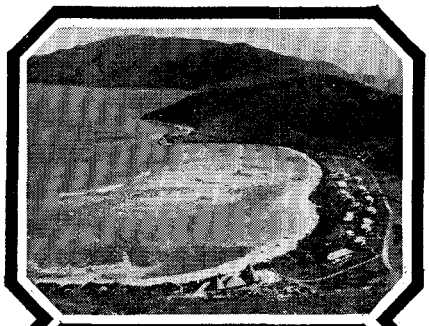

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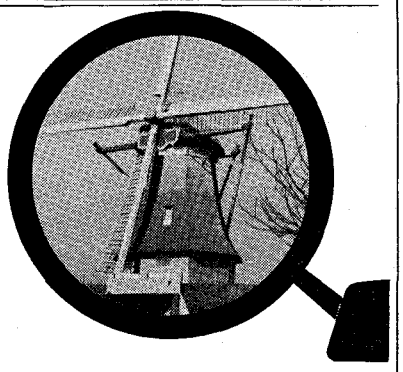

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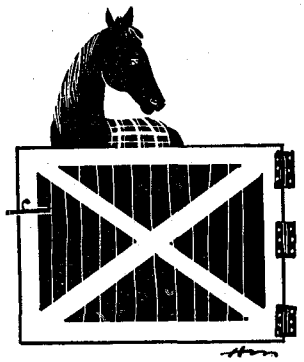
to do, it says right on the package, is water it from the top twice a week, feed it fertilizer, and if your living room gets too chilly, remember to light the smudge pots. When (and if) the tree blooms, it must be exposed to bees, or other insects unspecified on the package, or else be artificially pollinated. Anybody with a reasonably steady hand and a procreative urge can do the job with a cotton swab or a padded toothpick, picking up the pollen and transferring it to the pistil. The whole thing is just $1.95. Palm trees are available, too, and they're only a dollar. I think it's worth a dollar, but if you're going to sit there and wait for coconuts to fall you're simply going to go crackers.

Citrus fruit requires special citrus spoons equipped with a scoop at the end for plucking seeds. Or you can skip that stage with a Citra Sipper, a metal corer-and-straw to be inserted into the orange or grapefruit through the peel. Oranges also yield a cream and liquid perfume, not one of my favorite scents, and orange and grapefruit wine which, despite its 13 per cent alcoholic content, has not exactly alienated my affection for the grape. Naturally, there are all sorts of ways of dispatching CARE packages of oranges and grapefruits to the needy in the North. A beach bag full of citrus, along with mango butter and tangerine and papaya marmalade, concoctions invented, I'm sure, for the exclusive enjoyment of visiting palefaces, makes a tidy package at a modest price. You can ship home half the grove plus jam, coconut patties, pecan fudge, and lime marmalade, for twenty-one bucks. Or, if there is some close friend clomping through the slush back there in Toledo, send him or her a box of six jellies, a bottle of orange syrup, a bottle of guava syrup, a box of pralines, and a palm tree—a synthesis of the whole State of Florida for $5.95.

In the citrus sections in the center of the state, so they tell me, there are motels and inns amid the orange groves where all one need do is open the window and pick the first course for breakfast. I was disappointed not to find anything of this character in the shorelands of Wabasso or thereabouts, and about the best I can do for you is to report on a pair of places that seem to have been run up by Charles Addams. One is the Ocean Grill, sometimes called The Bucket, which sits in the salt spray at Vero Beach. The decor, I guess, is early attic, for it is embellished with such assorted goods as the world's largest wrought-iron lamp shade, a wrought-iron fence that was once part of a cathedral in Spain, a Flemish credenza, and the largest known solid mahogany table made out of one piece. To round it all out, there is a Moorish screen or two, several stained glass windows, and a stuffed sailfish in full flight. The major-domo sits in a regal chair at the entranceway hard by a snarling gargoyle. I could only assume both are there to bid you welcome.

What the Collier Brothers didn't bequeath to the Ocean Grill has found its way to the Driftwood Inn, which is to sumptuous innkeeping what The Bucket is to gracious dining. The Driftwood Inn—its name is literal—is made of old worm-eaten timbers, rusty bells, ancient cannon, weatherbeaten doors, and bits of chain. Guests live either in the section known as the Barbary Coast (cooled by the Atlantic breezes) or on Skid Row (air-conditioned). It has twenty-five rooms, many of which open off a long creaky corridor. Meals are served at long common tables, dormitory style, under a string of rusted cowbells. Other bells once adorned ships, locomotives, camels, cathedrals, and schools. For the departure of favored guests the bells are sometimes rung simultaneously, which I should think



would take quite a crew, but the effect inspires strange sentimental reactions. What it does to the ears is incalculable.

The inn was started as a beach house three decades ago by one Waldo Sexton, who came from Indiana to grow oranges. In his spare time Mr. Sexton began collecting furnishings and fixtures from moribund mansions whose owners were affected by the Florida land bust. Although he bought them in truckload lots, a sort of fever developed, and when the supply of old mansions dwindled, Sexton went to Europe on collection tours. Among the masterpieces on view now are the El Greco altar piece, an antique French door, and the skeleton of a whale. The faithful guests refer to the place as The Junkpile, rather reverently at that. As for Mr. Sexton, he was, in his collegiate day, a luminary in the Purdue Harlequin Club, and his love of the theatre has never abated. I get the feeling, at the Driftwood Inn, that one could strike the whole set by leaning against the wrong pillar. The very notion is enough to give a worrisome soul the flutters.

—Horace Sutton.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Menotti in India—Vintschger, Varèse

AS THE literature abundantly demonstrates, it is much more difficult to write a comic opera than a serious one (in Verdi alone, the ratio is about 1 to 12). In *The Last Savage,* which had its first American performance at the Metropolitan in late January, Gian Carlo Menotti has ventured a combination of the two, meaning that he has risked the perils of each. In the end, Menotti's good theatre sense persuades him to make the resolution a humorous one, thus justifying both the effort and the evening's attention to it. *The Last Savage* may be the first casualty of spring, but it is good to see, entertaining to hear, and a credit to the sizable number of talented people concerned with putting it on.

Unlike his procedure in the recent past, Menotti wrote his text in Italian, as being more suitable to the character of the music he had in mind. This suggests to me that it was really being performed in the wrong language (for all the fact that it involves natives of America and India), that it might have made better sense in Italian than it did in the trite, unfunny translation of George Mead. What one can hear of it, in the solos and recitatives, is full of striving for those line-ending rhymes that are just as well forgotten ("laddie, daddy," "money, honey," "torso, more so"); what cannot be heard of it, in the ensembles, defeats the purpose of intelligibility.

What is recurrently entertaining about *L'Ultimo Selvaggio* (as it might better be known) is neither in the story nor in the text, but mostly in the music. Fundamentally, it is more an opera about other operas than it is about its nominal subject, contemporary civilization: about coloratura sopranos who take flight in cadenzas almost automatically at the approach of a cadence; about tenors who sing plaintive airs to distant loves; about baritones torn between love and duty who nevertheless manage to get up to F on schedule. All of these conventions, and more, come under Menotti's stylistic scrutiny, including a fugal episode at the climax of Act II in which elements of the crowd scene of *Die Meistersinger* and the coronation scene of *Boris* somehow manage to coexist.

About the only convention that does not come into Menotti's work is the current one that the first requisite of a composer is to be over the head of his audience. Menotti is constantly engaging his at ear level, with an occasional sortie to the heart, and a joust every so often with the funny bone. His first defiance is to begin his overture with four solid C-major chords, and he is no less high-handed in his use of arias and ensembles, set pieces, and orchestral interludes as suit his purpose. Much of the vocabulary is the common one of traditional opera, but it would be a mistake to assume that he is using it to say, merely, that two and two are four. The difference that causes it, frequently, to come out five is in the orchestral undercurrent and the parodistic intent it embodies.

Where it falls short of its objective and is therefore fated to a short life span is in the order of invention it embodies. To achieve his objective wholly, Menotti would have to be the contemporary equivalent of at least one of those whose stylistic coin he is spending—Rossini, Mozart, Richard Strauss. Failing that, one might have been satisfied had he been always as facile as he has sometimes been in the past. Factually, the melodic material of his latest work is pleasant rather than memorable, the interludes (such as "The Hunt" of Act I) skilful rather than striking. He does settle into a vein of more flavorsome writing as the end approaches, when, in the manner of *Der Rosenkavalier,* all the other participants have left the scene, leaving the lovers with the stage to themselves. In a further parallel, the sentiment that is here involved is capped with a touch of humor (akin to the Negro servant's search for Sophie's handkerchief) as the jungle cave is slyly made fit for human habitation.

As a plan for an opera, *The Last Savage* excels most of Menotti's prior schemes in sustaining a story over the championship three-act course. The situation set forth in the first act, in which an American millionaire and an Indian Maharajah plot to merge fortunes, and their children in marriage, in order to defeat the income-encroaching demands of their respective societies, could have gone no further than *Amelia al ballo.* However, the scientific quest of the American girl (Vassar-bred and an anthropologist) has first to be satisfied, and to save time a stable boy is persuaded to impersonate the "savage" she is seeking. He is such a splendid specimen that the girl must show him in America before she can consider marriage to the Crown Prince. Once there, pride turns to passion, intensified when the savage flees in horror from a brilliantly staged cocktail party to the peace and quiet of the jungle. Naturally the girl pursues him to India, where she decides that primitive life is good enough, provided that Omar Khayyám is updated to provide a Frigidaire for the jug of wine. This is all to the good, for it turns out that the Crown Prince—like Figaro in *Le Nozze*—is the product of a long-forgotten romance between the Maharani and the American millionaire, and prefers another Indian to the "too white" American who is his half-sister.

Out of this comes a natural opportunity for spectacle, beautifully served by Beni Montresor's scheme of design (in which the changes are made in view of the audience) and costuming. Designers who are equally adept at interiors, exteriors, and costuming are rarities, especially when they produce work of such elegance and distinction as has Montresor. In addition to the forecurtains that mask the rest of the stage from time to time, Montresor's drops and hangings should make him a first choice to explore another phase of India's background when the rumored revival of *Lakmé* is undertaken. As for his American apartment, with its tangle of Lippold-like hangings (they eventually collapse), it is a joy in itself.

STAGE director Menotti has served his other selves well, not only in the choice of such people as George London (a muscular savage as well as a well-sounding one), Roberta Peters (the Vassar girl, not so well-sounding), Ezio Flagello and Morley Meredith as the parents, Nicolai Gedda as the Indian prince, and Teresa Stratas as the servant he prefers, but also in the holiday mood he induces in playing their frivolous parts. An unsuspected source of comedy was found in Lili Chookasian as the bulky Maharani, though it was regrettable that, in the patterns of solos allotted to most of the principals, she was denied a Rossinian roulade or two. All of these, and the many others (Paul Franke and Andrea Velis had a boisterous moment as a pair of nonfraternal tailors) were woven into a tight ensemble under the urgent direction of Thomas Schippers, who conducted as if his life depended on the results (as well it may have). If *The Last Savage* is but a passing fancy, it shows the Metropolitan company capable of an all-out ensemble effort of high quality.

Juerg von Vintschger is not an easy name to forget, but even if he were Willi Schmidt, the aptitude and inclinations

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LEADING CONTENDERS

National Book Awards

The Judges for the 1964 National Book Awards are reading widely to find the books that they will choose in March as the most distinguished books by American authors published in the United States during 1963. Some of the books they find most outstanding are listed below:

POETRY

At the End of the Open Road LOUIS SIMPSON Wesleyan
Collected and New Poems: 1924-1963 MARK VAN DOREN Hill and Wang
Moving Target W. S. MERWIN Atheneum
Selected Poems JOHN CROWE RANSOM Knopf
To Mix With Time MAY SWENSON Scribners
Judges: Jean Garrigue, Anthony Hecht, John Hall Wheelock

FICTION

The Centaur JOHN UPDIKE *Knopf*
The Group MARY McCARTHY Harcourt, Brace and World
Idiots First BERNARD MALAMUD Farrar, Straus
V THOMAS PYNCHON Lippincott
The Will HARVEY SWADOS World
Judges: John Cheever, Robie Macauley, Philip Rahv

OTHER

Anti-Intellectualism in American Life RICHARD HOFSTADTER Knopf
Apolinaire: Poet Among the Painters FRANCIS STEEGMULLER Farrar, Straus
Beyond the Melting Pot NATHAN GLAZER and DANIEL P. MOYNIHAN M.I.T.
Change, Hope and the Bomb DAVID E. LILIENTHAL Princeton
The Civil War SHELBY FOOTE Random
The Fabulous Life of Diego Rivera BERTRAM D. WOLFE Stein and Day
The Fire Next Time JAMES BALDWIN Dial
The First New Nation SEYMOUR M. LIPSET Basic Books
John Keats: The Making of a Poet AILEEN WARD Viking
John Keats WALTER JACKSON BATE Harvard
The Last Horizon R. F. DASMANN Macmillan
Man-Made America: Chaos or Control? CHRISTOPHER TUNNARD and BORIS PUSHKAREV Yale
The Quiet Crisis STUART UDALL Holt, Rinehart and Winston
The South and the Southerner RALPH McGILL Atlantic Monthly Press
Success Story: The Life and Times of S. S. McClure PETER LYONS Scribners
Wasp Farm HOWARD ENSIGN EVANS Natural History Press—Doubleday
Judges: *Arts and Letters*—Charles Rolo, John K. Sherman, Wylie Sypher
Science, Philosophy and Religion—Houston Peterson, Paul B. Sears, George Shuster
History and Biography—Benjamin DeMott, James Thomas Flexner, C. Vann Woodward

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Watch for announcement of the winners—Tuesday, March 10

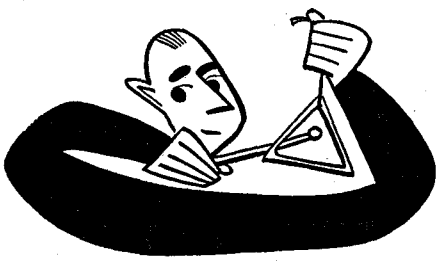
this Swiss-born pianist demonstrated at a Carnegie Hall recital would remain in the memory. Two such works as Beethoven's C-minor (Opus 111) Sonata and the *Wanderer* Fantasy of Schubert provide all the pitfalls needed for a performer, young or old, to vanish from view, but von Vintschger had both the pianistic control and the musical understanding to find his way to a safe haven in each.

As of now, he is more prodigal of the massive pianistic sound that is an important requisite of each than he is of the tonal sublety that is no less important. Part of this may have derived from the tension of the circumstances, but it is probable that if he cut back on sheer muscularity and leveled off his dynamic values, he would achieve the desirable result. This time, in the challenging Arietta of the C-minor Sonata, he tended to play note by note and phrase by phrase rather than projecting a line of longer span, and the dramatic sections of the *Wanderer* were better realized than the lyric. On the whole, however, he qualified as an addition to the list of pianists of the present who are destined to be the artists of the future.

In the most recent of his concerts, bracketing works of the *avant-garde* with music of Vivaldi (*Winter*) and Beethoven (*Eroica*), Leonard Bernstein offered his listeners to the New York Philharmonic Orchestra a hearing of Edgard Varèse's *Deserts*. In it, Varèse has chosen to combine music for orchestral players (strings omitted) with matter prerecorded on tape. At the outset, the unconventional mixture of sonorities thus evoked had a degree of hypnotic attraction, for Varèse's sound sense is a highly sophisticated one. But, at twenty minutes' length it eventually became tedious, especially in those sections wholly on tape, where "live" players were omitted.

Projecting this mode of procedure further into the future, it is not impossible that some soloist may commission a work for violin and magnetic tape, say, which he will then proceed to perform without the intervention of an orchestra. Or, by logical extension, without a conductor. Perhaps there is something to the whole idea after all.

—IRVING KOLODIN.



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Books

LITERARY HORIZONS

How the Poor Live and the Rich Die

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS is trying to meet the problem of the high cost of fiction by publishing each season, under the collective name of First Editions, two or three novels or collections of short stories simultaneously in hardcover and paperback. It is a good idea, but whether it works or not must depend in large measure on the quality of the books selected. Of the three volumes published this winter, two are English novels, and if one of these has considerable interest, the other is no bargain at $1.65, to say nothing of $3.75.

The less interesting one is *Vain Shadow*, by Jane Hervey, a rather conventional comedy of manners. It is a study of the effect of the death of a rich old man on his widow, their three sons, the wives of two of the sons, and a granddaughter. The novel is neatly constructed, all the action taking place in the four days that intervene between the demise and the disposal of the ashes.

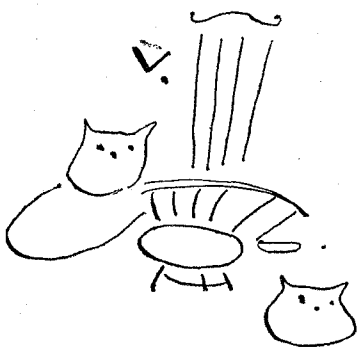
If, however, the book is competently put together, Miss Hervey has done nothing fresh with materials that have often been used in fiction. There are the mixed feelings of the widow, the varying degrees of hypocrisy, the worries about the will, the usual complications after the will has been read. The only novel element is the matrimonial dilemma of the granddaughter, and that hasn't much to do with the death of the old man. The granddaughter, by the way, is the character Miss Hervey seems to understand best, perhaps because she is nearest her own age.

A. L. Barker's *The Joy-Ride and After* ($3.75 and $1.65) isn't really a novel but a collection of three loosely related stories. The first and longest, called "The Joy-Ride," deals with a sixteen-year-old boy, Joe Munn, who lives in a London slum and works in a garage. We see him at home and at work, and we realize how empty his life is. Suddenly the sight of a car becomes a kind of mystical experience:

> It was overdone in a queer foreign way. Brand new it must have been blatant, almost ludicrous; wear and tear had toned it down. The hunting build, the long funnel of a bonnet, the tiny cab crouching into the chassis, the branching guts of the exhaust—every line was angled for power. The lamps were a foot long, the radiator grid was sheared like a bullet. A bar of fancy chrome flowed from nose to tail, there were flanges and discs and bracings of chrome—Joe had never seen anything so rich and rash in his life before.

It is Joe's sole ambition to drive the car, and in time what seems to be the perfect opportunity is offered to him. Taking with him his cousin Esther, a strange girl towards whom his feelings are ambivalent, he drives the car out of the garage one night and heads for the open road.

> It wasn't like anything else on earth, if he never had anything else to remember, he would have this. The moment would kindle for him as long as he lived, though never so fiercely as now. When the car surged forward with a banshee scream from the supercharger, his whole body fired with it, there was nothing to choose between the sparking metal and his flesh. He had felt every check, now he felt the power thrusting up through his bones. His blood sang with the new liquid note of the engine, the speedometer needle was rising eighty, an acceleration of two miles a second. Everything started to slam at them, lights, then slabs of dark, and the road like a conveyor belt scudded under the muzzle of the car.



Then, but after Joe has slowed down because of the entreaties of his cousin, he hits a woman in the road. The joy-ride is over, but the consequences for Joe, though not so immediately painful

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as he had reason to fear, are painful enough.

The second story, "The Narrow Boat," begins with Alice Oram's discovery that her husband is unfaithful to her. Dazed, she goes for a walk, and she is the victim of Joe's escapade. Not killed, as Joe and Esther had believed, but badly hurt and suffering from shock, she wanders until she comes to a river and to a barge on which a man lives. This man, a grotesque and sinister figure, takes care of her after a fashion, but at the same time he terrifies her. As days go by, she recovers a little of her strength, but does not regain her memory. With her fear of her host and her dependence on him, she is in a nightmare situation, and Miss Barker renders the nightmare quality.

The third story shows us Esther (Joe's cousin) some years after the joy-ride, married to Arthur Bulow, managing caterer of a factory restaurant, a hard-working, thrifty, rather unimaginative, rather dull middle-aged man who is concerned chiefly with keeping up the payments on their house. She is impractical, extravagant, and, as we realize when she tells Arthur her version of the joy-ride, an incorrigible liar. While dealing with a series of problems connected with his job, Arthur is brought to realize the nature and the extent of his wife's failings. The story is less dramatic than the other two, but it effectively reveals the character of Esther.

To call the book a novel is to stretch a term that, elastic as it is, does have some meaning. This is not even "a fiction in prose of a certain extent," to borrow the definition E. M. Forster borrowed from Abel Chevalley, for it is three fictions, the first one quite long enough to be regarded as a novel by itself. But what matters is that it is a work that shows talent. The explosive power of the first story, the hallucinatory effect achieved by the second, the firm realism of the third—these are qualities to be recognized and praised. The reader not only knows the characters more deeply than he does the characters in *Vain Shadow*; he is much more concerned about what happens to them.

The juxtaposition of the two books suggests that there are greater inequalities in contemporary England than might be expected in a welfare state. Miss Hervey's Winthorpes live in considerable luxury, with servants, cars, and, if one can judge from Colonel Winthorpe's will, considerable financial resources. Miss Barker's Munns, on the other hand, live in squalor, if not in downright poverty. Miss Barker, I must say, is more successful in making us see the life of the poor than Miss Hervey is in showing us the rich, but that may be merely because she is a better writer.

—Granville Hicks.

THE REAL THING

Days of the Dangerous Virtues

By EMILE CAPOUYA

EVERY now and then some tasteless divine asks us to imagine how it would be if Jesus came down on earth in our day. He means to shame us with the awful proximity of the Godhead, again made flesh, and judging us at close quarters. But that is not quite the effect the preacher achieves. Our poverty-stricken imagination conceives of Jesus as being impressed with what impresses us—jet aircraft, the stock exchange, the atom bomb—and we see him shyly wondering at those stupendous creations, and the result is that we feel a little ashamed of the Son of Man. So ministers of the Gospel would be well advised to give up that unfortunate suggestion. Unless, of course, they could teach us not to worship the man-made miracles, so that we might begin to conceive of a God who was above admiring them too.

To compare great things with small, there is only one reason for reading Aeschylus or Mark Twain, and bringing them to earth again, where they must cut a poor figure so long as we are the men we are. The only justification for reading the great writers of the past is the ambition to be better than we are. Where that ambition does not exist, literary study sooner or later becomes an exercise in self-assertion, in which we demonstrate our superiority to the illustrious dead. How much literary criticism is untainted with condescension? What critic or biographer can refrain from patronizing his Goethe or his Shelley? Even an undergraduate is ready to remind us that Aristotle, after all, lived in a society based on slave labor, and so goodnight, Aristotle. It seems to be our inveterate tendency to condescend to our gods and heroes, to belittle them subtly by likening them to ourselves. Even Mark Twain was not always above that meanness. I take it that the theory that Shakespeare was really somebody else is a way of assailing the unassailable, of dwarfing the unimaginably grand. *Hamlet, Lear*, the Sonnets, are there, and to an artistic and linguistic genius like Mark Twain they are indisputably the summit of human achievement. So Mark Twain's ornery streak can find no other relief than in taking away all credit for the plays and poems from the butcherboy of Avon, the semi-literate theatre manager, and the testator of the second-best bed. To bestow it on Bacon, as it happened, but only *pro tem*. Had opinion generally favored Bacon, Twain would have had to plump for the Earl of Oxford—or even Shakespeare. If the earl were unavailable, the nod might go to Prester John.

Such meanness we always have with us, and if we must lift our eyes and jack up our souls in order to contemplate Mark Twain, it is not for the bit of hatefulness we share with him but for the virtues we don't have and long to learn. He had the dangerous virtues. "The best lack all conviction," says Yeats, "and the worst are full of passionate intensity." That describes us beautifully, but not all men at all times. If it were so, the human race could never have produced a single great artist, nor a single decent man. We have somewhat lost the habit ourselves, but Mark Twain's example reminds us what decency amounts to. Common decency, on his showing, is an active passion for the good, and in the absence of the good, an active and express contempt for whatever manages to look good while smelling bad.

IN the midst of the war between Athens and Sparta, Aristophanes wrote two comedies that ridiculed the war. Did his countrymen clap him in jail, blacklist his friends, and boycott his drama? Oddly enough, they did not. During the Boxer Rebellion, Mark Twain wrote a number of essays in which he described American missionaries in China as pirates and looters; the missionary board protested, and Twain said it again, but louder. And when the United States liberated Cuba and the Philippines from the Cuban and Philippine peoples, he wrote "To the Person Sitting in Darkness"—an essay, incidentally, that has some bearing on our present-day dealings with Cuba, and even on our present-day dealings with Vietnam. Was he tarred and feathered and ridden on a rail? Nothing of the kind. Why, his fellow-Americans didn't even try to take his livelihood from him. Just as well for Mark Twain and Aristophanes that they died before the era of totalitarian war and the reign of the Cheka, GPU, NKVD, MVD, and FBI.

Whitman suggested that to have great poets we must have great audiences. Possibly the rule holds for great humorists too. It is depressing to think

(*Continued on page* 43)

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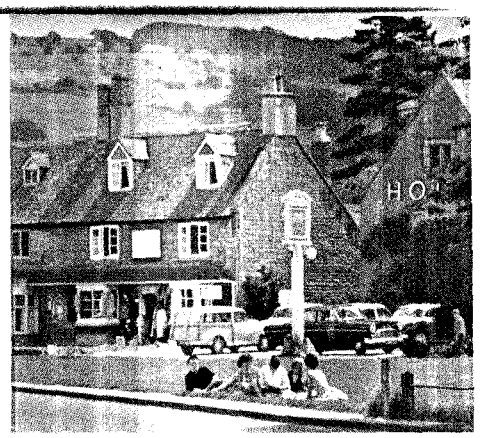
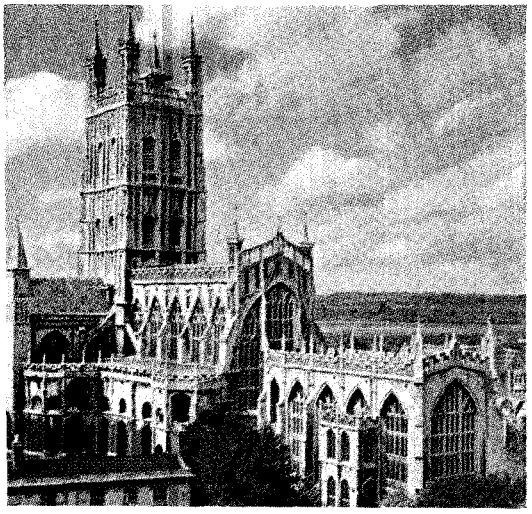
What you can see within 100 miles of Shakespeare's Stratford

(Hints for visitors to Shakespeare's England in 1964 —the poet's 400th anniversary)

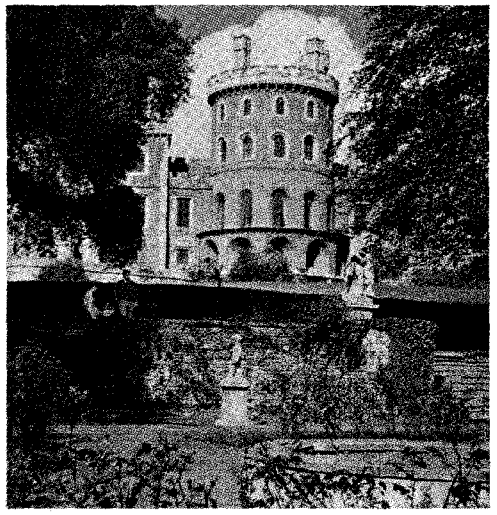
SHOTTERY (1 mile) Do what Shakespeare used to do: *walk* over to Anne Hathaway's cottage. Come in Spring, when "lady-smocks all silver-white do paint the meadows with delight."



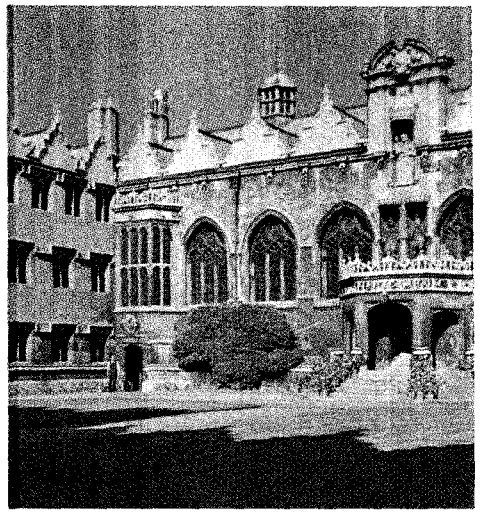
BROADWAY (15 miles) This is the Elizabethan village where J. M. Barrie wrote *Peter Pan*. Hop on a bus in Stratford and you can ride from village to pretty village for about 3 cents a mile.



GLOUCESTER (38 miles) This eloquent cathedral was built in the 13th century —a thousand years after the Romans set up camp here. You can visit 15 cathedrals within 100 miles of Stratford.

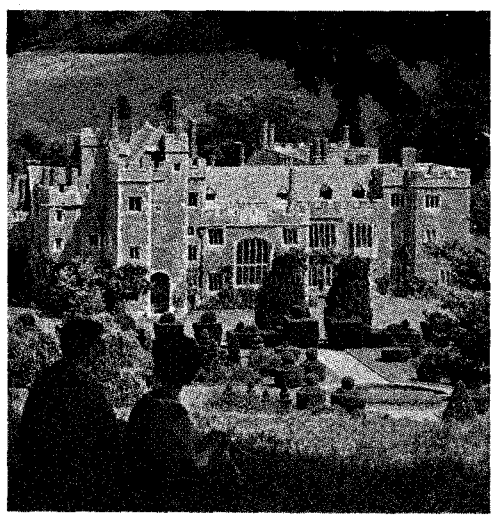


BELVOIR CASTLE (72 miles) Pronounce it "Beever." The Duke of Rutland lives here, in great halls hung with Gainsboroughs and Poussins. You can now visit his castle and art gallery for 35¢.

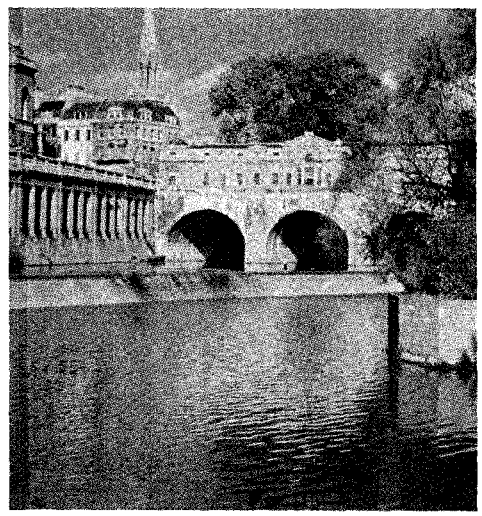


OXFORD (40 miles) Our picture shows Oriel College, where Sir Walter Raleigh learned his geography. Try navigating Oxford's rivers in a punt—a *cushion-lined*, flat-bottomed boat.

PEMBRIDGE (50 miles) Wayfarers have been lodging at the New Inn (above) for 650 years. Inn-hopping Americans often find *prices* as quaint as the half-timbering: bed and breakfast from $3.75.



COMPTON WYNYATES (15 miles) Henry VIII often stayed here. The house's walls are honeycombed with secret stairways. In the garden, topiary bushes stand around like trysting courtiers.



BATH (70 miles) Yehudi Menuhin comes to this fashionable spa every June to lead a festival of music. Most festivals in 1964 will spotlight Shakespeare. Ask your travel agent for programs.

For free 16-page illustrated booklet, "Visit Britain in Shakespeare's Year 1964," see your travel agent or write Box 553, British Travel Association. In New York—680 Fifth Ave.; In Los Angeles—612 So. Flower St.; In Chicago—39 So. LaSalle St.; In Canada—151 Bloor St. West, Toronto.

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By 1980, more than half of all Americans will live in 40 great metropolitan centers, and some people have wondered if the nation won't wind up in one huge traffic jam.

It needn't, for many good answers to transportation problems are being found.

General Electric has developed an advanced system that can dispatch rapid-transit trains, run them at pre-programed speeds, and stop them — all automatically. Key metropolitan areas, such as the Bay Area of San Francisco, are already considering systems of this type.

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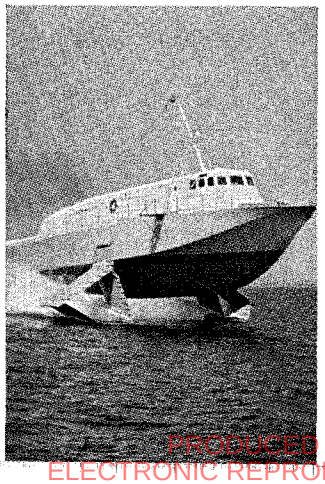
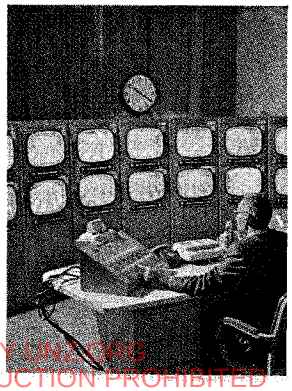
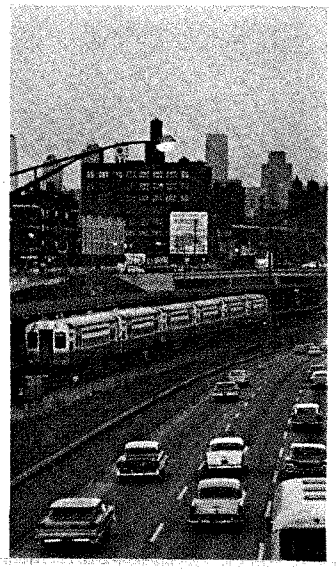
Ships that fly. Ocean-going hydrofoils, powered by General Electric jet engines, may soon be ferrying commuters at speeds up to 40 knots.



Push-button traffic control. On 14 TV screens, one man oversees miles of freeway. He can change speed limits, close lanes, summon service. Monitoring system by General Electric.



Road-rail coordination. Chicago runs rapid transit down the center mall of an 8-lane expressway, reducing congestion. Riders will soon benefit from 180 new cars, using G-E propulsion systems.



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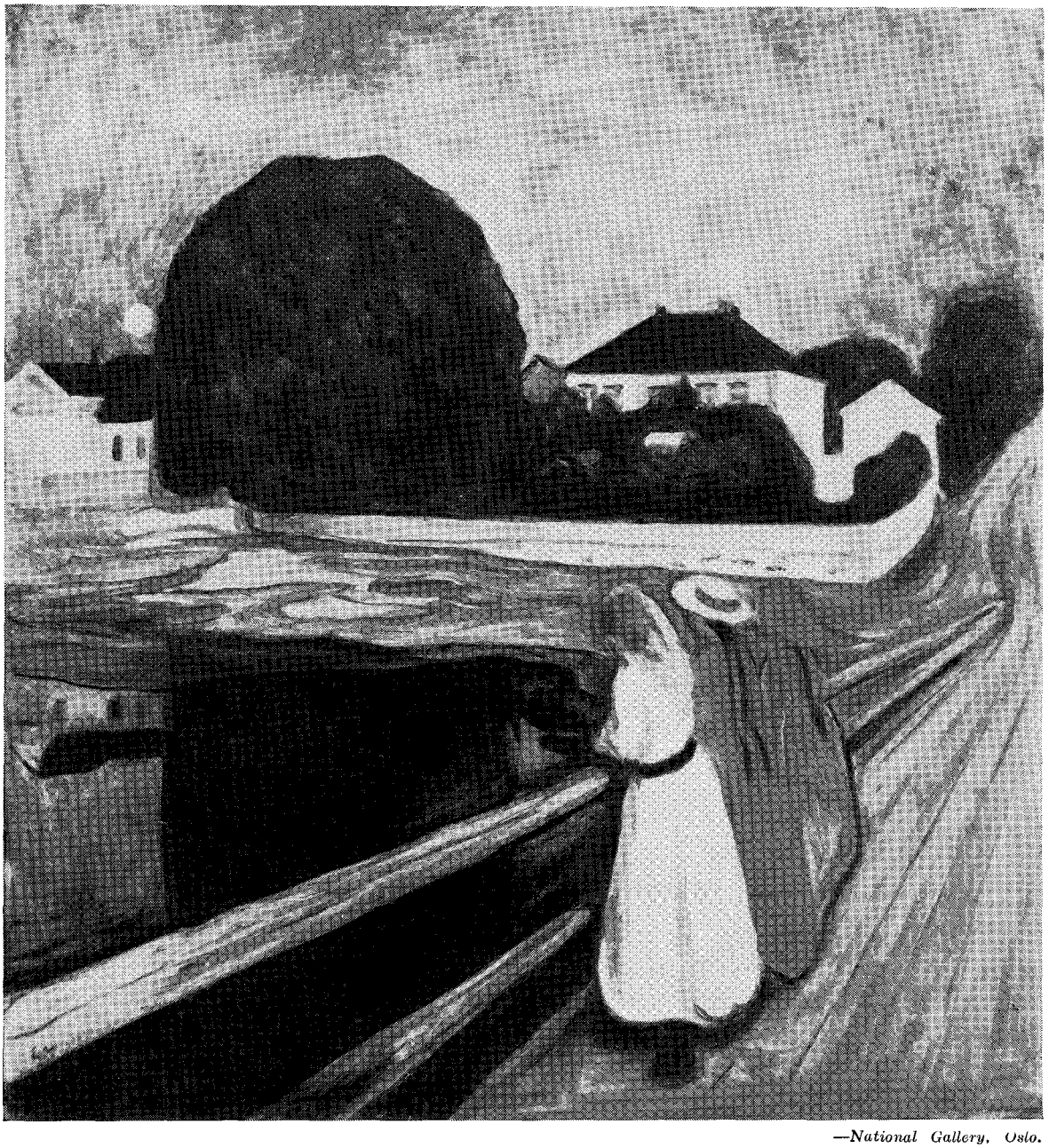
Landmarks of Modern Art



—*National Gallery, Oslo.*

"Girls on the Bridge," by Edvard Munch, 1901

AT THE BEGINNING of this century the Norwegian artist Edvard Munch produced a curiously disquieting scene for all its hushed restraint. Here, familiar surroundings seem to intensify the symbolism of three young girls gazing raptly into an abyss. Along with Van Gogh, whom he outlived by over a half-century, Munch was an important link in the development of modern art. Much of German Expressionism is rooted in his brooding forms and hysterical Northern mysticism. A symbolist at heart, he infused his compositions with looming contours and sweeping brush strokes. In his work one senses the cold light of the North, the threat of the unknown. Rarely has loneliness been more poignantly suggested, rarely has silence seemed more hypnotic. —K.K.

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The Source of His Singing

Notes on Some Figures Behind T. S. Eliot, *by Herbert Howarth (Houghton Mifflin. 396 pp. $6), traces the poet's progress in a series of sketches and reflections. Leon Edel, Pulitzer Prize-winning biographer of Henry James, is author of "Literary Biography."*

By LEON EDEL

NO CONTEMPORARY poet has been more "explicated" by the critics and poetasters than T. S. Eliot, sometimes brilliantly, often drearily; but he has thus far escaped the biographers. This is understandable. Literary biography cannot do much with the living subject. Poets and novelists exist in their work and in their letters and private papers; often, too, the memoirs and diaries of their friends are needed before it is possible to recreate their lives. In this respect they differ markedly from statesmen or generals, whose public lives are readily chronicled. Eliot, moreover, has been reticent and aloof, distinctly a literary personage who has met the world on his own ground. Never a public personality, like Robert Frost, or a platform personality, like Dylan Thomas, Eliot has not invited biography—and this has been just as well. His works speak admirably for him.

But he is now seventy-five, and there comes a moment when biographical curiosity will not be appeased. The chronicling impulse has come to Herbert Howarth, one of Eliot's profound admirers. Recognizing that a biography at this stage has its difficulties, Howarth has attempted the next best thing—he has gone behind and around Eliot. His book, he says, is a series of "notes and sketches," and he calls it "tentative." This is cautious enough, and has a modest sound. But Howarth can hardly be accused of modesty. He has performed, in reality, a high-powered piece of literary industry of a rather exhaustive kind; it offers us a great deal of raw and unprocessed data in the guise of a finished book, and what is distracting is that Howarth stands in front of it. He interpolates a whole series of reflections, personal and subjective, as if his own interest in his subject were as significant to the reader as the subject itself.

The result is a curious, hero-worshiping, irrelevant book that dissolves the poet into old backgrounds—St. Louis and Harvard, the sojourn in France, the editing of the *Criterion*, the life in Mayfair, Bloomsbury, and Garsington, together with sketches of ancestors and parents, the best of which are those of the Unitarian grandfather, William Greenleaf Eliot, and of the verse-writing mother, Charlotte Stearns. But there are not enough of these; for the rest, we have a great search for "sources" and "influences," including a combing of the Harvard archives in an effort to reconstruct minutely Eliot's undergraduate career. One wonders at Howarth's statement that Harvard "supplied a reservoir of ideas on which he has drawn for fifty years." This tends to reduce the great master of English poetry of our time to a kind of perpetual undergraduate status. We may be sure that Eliot's postgraduate life, his meetings with Alain Fournier, Jacques Rivière, Pound, Joyce, and the whole generation of the 1920s, his saturation in Dante, the influence of the French symbolists (all traced in this book), stimulated a creative imagination much more than any academic teachings—even those to be found at the time of Harvard's Indian summer.

At moments Howarth constitutes himself Eliot's apologist. Thus he tries to justify Eliot's aristocratic aloofness from that mythical figure "the common man," as if it required apology. Or he will suggest that the fog images in Eliot's poetry stem from the symbolists, as if there had been no fogs during the poet's long summers in Gloucester. In discussing Joyce's influence, he attempts to give us an impression of the "stream-of-thought" of the author of *Ulysses*: "Joyce was pleased at the emulation . . . Not so mighty an imagination as his own, he may have thought, but a strong disciplined mind, and—this was capital for him—a mind that heard a new music and had assembled the words to sound it." One does not doubt Joyce's pleasure in being emulated; but I suspect this piece of omniscient fantasy misjudges both men. Posterity will discover that Eliot's imagination was infinitely richer and more humane than Joyce's. And Joyce's published letters show no such generous feelings toward Eliot.

IN assessing the results of his researches Howarth piles the irrelevant on the relevant, and he commits the cardinal sin of assuming a poet's imagination to be compounded of books written by others and of ideas scraped from other minds. Eliot himself has exquisitely told us how "the song of one bird, the leap of one fish, at a particular place and time, the scent of one flower, an old woman on a German mountain path, six ruffians seen through an open window playing cards at night at a small French railway junction, where there was a water-mill" can evoke deep and unfathomable feelings in the poet. Howarth, to be sure, has no access to Eliot's emotions save as they reveal themselves in his poetry. But he also lacks the biographical sense of what creates character and personality and what constitutes the poetic imagination. While Eliot created life out of the chaos of experience, Howarth returns us anew to the chaos—a questionable way of charting an artist's progress, or even his background.

Death by Drowning

By Richard Eberhart

HIS guitar was found in the canoe on the river
But cold grappling hooks brought his body up from the deeps.
He was a young man introduced to death by a gust.
They were upset by the nature wildness keeps.

Unbelievable, fierce, eternal, high wind in clear air
Tossed three youths; the boat escaped downstream.
One met the brutal grip of the cold, hands of ice
Pulled him down; the others barely made it to life's dream.

His guitar was found in the canoe on the river,
O unbelievable! May all the gay songs of youth
Assuage, if they can, the brutal indifference of fate.
His companions live to ponder on death's truth.

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Two on the Aisle

Luis Bunuel: An Introduction, *by Ado Kyrou, translated from the French by Adrienne Foulke (Simon & Schuster. 208 pp. $4.50), and* ***Michelangelo Antonioni: An Introduction,*** *by Pierre Leprohon, translated from the French by Scott Sullivan (Simon & Schuster. 205 pp. $4.50), the first volumes of The World of Film series, evaluate two particularly controversial foreign directors. Paul V. Beckley has been a film critic for more than ten years.*

By PAUL V. BECKLEY

SIMON AND SCHUSTER could not have chosen a director more deserving of a critical summing-up than Luis Buñuel, who has been making highly individual films since the 1920s. Unfortunately, Ado Kyrou, whose critical monograph constitutes the main body of the work, is concerned less with critical appraisal than with pamphleteering. His anti-bourgeois, anti-intellectual, anti-esthetic line of attack offers no fresh insights to send the puzzled, the uncertain, or the reluctant back for another, more knowing look at the Buñuel movies.

For Kyrou a film can be no better than the effectiveness of its antipathy to conformity. That Buñuel is less than happy about the social state of man makes Kyrou's gauge no more pertinent for judging his effectiveness than an assessment on the basis of conformity. He speaks of the "choppy quality" of Buñuel's *Ensayo de un Crimen* and is prompted to describe his films as "dreamed rather than organized" and consequently "as fragmentary, as incoherent—and just as well constructed—as a dream." While Buñuel's pictures do possess enigmatic areas, they are hardly incoherent. In fact they cohere with remarkable consistency.

One may overlook Kyrou's dismissal of *Robinson Crusoe* as a novel "as famous as it is dreadful" or his dusting-off of poor old Crusoe as a fellow "who can think of no use for his freedom other than to recreate on his island all the elements of his past life." Buñuel's reinterpretation of Crusoe in the shape of his own personal view of the inner man can be judged on its own terms, since

Michelangelo Antonioni—an "unmistakable whine."

Buñuel is not obliged to maintain the integrity of the novel, but Kyrou's warped yardstick does oblige him to see the film *Robinson Crusoe* in terms of social protest and to complain because it does not go far enough.

THE Buñuel volume is not altogether a waste. Roughly half is given over to Buñuel's comments on Buñuel, Buñuel's estimates of other men's work, other men's reactions to Buñuel, and excerpts from the screenplays. The director can say with typical ambiguity, "I am an atheist still, thank God." And far more enlightening than Kyrou's tiresome prose are Buñuel's reflections on what

Scene from Buñuel's *La Mort en ce Jardin.*

any movie should be. "A good film must have the ambivalence of two opposed and related things," he told an interviewer in 1961, and in an address at the University of Mexico in 1953 he said, "Mystery is the essential element in any work of art."

Henry Miller's 1931 critique on *L'Age d'Or* is hardly less delirious than Kyrou. He, too, seems to be using Buñuel to advance a personal obsession. But André Bazin's 1952 impressions of the man are lucid and persuasive, in particular his conclusion that Buñuel's apparent cruelty is actual evidence of his extraordinary compassion, that the very elimination of any show of pity is itself an "esthetic provocation" to pity.

Michelangelo Antonioni fares better in Pierre Leprohon's work. Despite a fondness for sonority Leprohon can be plain-spoken, and he does see the need for sharp critical distinctions. However sympathetic he is in the main toward Antonioni's work, he notes that "his later films, like their characters, run the risk of becoming limited to their own elegant negations, of turning into nothing more than an aspect of the very vanity they denounce." He finds most of Antonioni's characters less interesting than their feelings and concedes that where the emptiness of feeling becomes the major element there is a danger of being led "into a kind of pointless intellectual game."

Speaking of *L'Avventura* he remarks that those scenes "which appear at first glance most unnecessary always have a meaning, are always justified sooner or later in the film, and serve to enrich it. But they do not add up directly to a setting or a mood; they do not take their places in a construction organized arbitrarily from without. Rather they are inserted in a long succession of images that acquires significance from the cumulative effect of many small touches. To eliminate one or another would not topple the whole edifice but it would diminish the scope of the theme, would impoverish it." One may have grave doubts about Antonioni's talent for economical expression and still recognize that those as responsive to the man's work as Leprohon must feel something like this about what to others may seem unduly repetitious.

Antonioni's importance may be precisely his sensitivity to a state of mind profoundly egoistic. The constant agony of isolation in which his characters move is surely an aspect of egoism, not just an inability to communicate but an inability to receive. That the inanimate world does not so much affect as reflect these people is not so odd. What makes them special as people is the degree to which they treat each other as mere reflections of themselves. Antonioni may

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well be the spokesman for an emotional sickness to which most of us are occasionally prone, but at the same time his work may appear monotonously narrow to those of us who have not been put to bed with a chronic case.

Some such doubts obviously invade Leprohon. To him *Il Grido* seems "the most finished, the film in which the author has attained the perfection of a masterpiece," and the "richest in possible meanings" of all Antonioni's works.

Certainly *Il Grido* is inhabited by characters who reflect the variety of man's spirit. If the hero suffers from the malaise that infects most of Antonioni's people, the very fact that his condition is silhouetted against these more vigorous egos not only averts the possible boredom of too much sameness but actually invigorates Antonioni's primary theme of the futility of life for such a man at such a time in such a place.

No doubt the unmistakable whine pervading all Antonioni's work led James Stoller to conclude his appreciation of *La Notte*—one of the number of cogent impressions of Antonioni's films included in this volume—with a sigh. He found it not the film "of a young man, and perhaps by forty-five one grows exhausted and disenchanted, and the sad, repetitious patterns of love and strife by which people define themselves with respect to one another cease to have much interest." Yet, remembering Yeats "writing at seventy of lust and vanity and disgrace," he concluded, "I am certain that I had better run the risk of being called unknowing, and ask of films what for me is real. I am finally saying, then, that *La Notte*—moving though it is—has very little, now, to say to me, and incidentally that it is thereby like too many other films."

Both for a substantiation of Leprohon's more penetrating insights and to fill out the gaps in his critique one may go to the Orion Press edition of the complete screenplays of four of the most discussed films, *Il Grido, L'Avventura, La Notte,* and *L'Eclisse.* The translation has an accent, but the substance is there. A screenplay is not the most readable literary form. Since it is a lattice work on which to hang the visual images that make up a film's real substance, it could not be.

But the screenplay has value for those who would contemplate in private what they have already experienced through Antonioni's eyes in public. And they still serve for those who have not seen the films as a lucid and accurate guide to what Antonioni's screen images mean to say and what they do say.

Sculptors of Light and Shadow

***Rodin,** by Albert E. Elsen (Doubleday. 228 pp., incl. 163 illus. Hardbound, $8.50. Paperback, $2.95), and **Medardo Rosso,** by Margaret Scolari Barr (Doubleday. 92 pp., incl. 68 illus. Hardbound, $5. Paperback, $2.95), monographs provided by the Museum of Modern Art to complement their recent exhibitions, elucidate the genius of the respective sculptors. John McAndrews, professor of art at Wellesley College, has been director of its Art Museum for the past decade.*

By JOHN McANDREWS

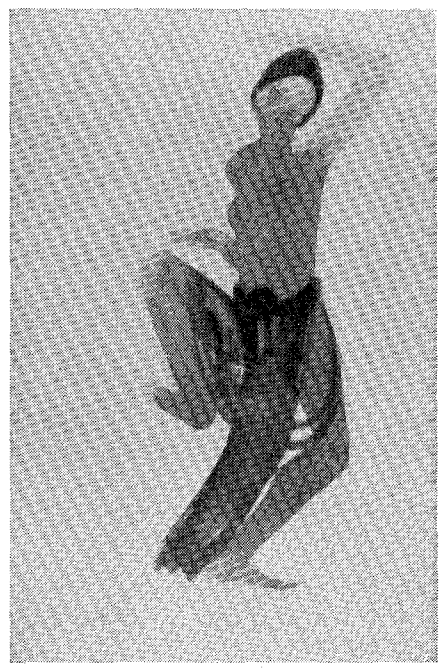
AS MEMORABILIA which survive the exhibitions that brought them into being, we have come to expect Museum of Modern Art monographs to be exemplary, with an abundance of information and illustrations and the best bibliographies available. These on Rodin and Medardo Rosso merit long life.

Albert E. Elsen has not written just another biography, compulsive reinterpretation, or *oeuvre* catalogue, but a sound study of critical moments in Rodin's career, with admirable accounts of the genesis and growth of key works such as the *Gates of Hell,* the *Burghers of Calais,* or the *Balzac.* In the welcome scrutiny of the drawings that follows one is surprised to learn how much of Rodin's unique linear freedom—he looked at the model, not at the paper, and rarely lifted his pencil from it—grew from training under a teacher who built up accurate visual memory by special optical exercises.

With the New York exhibition closed, one misses a feeling of nearness to the works, and might now welcome more notice of their physical properties, and of how different materials affected their forms. How much were surfaces altered when mat clay was translated to gleaming bronze? Was it because Rodin was more a modeler than carver that almost all his late marbles were cut by assistants, or because he was already an old man?

By opposing his fidelity to nature to others' stylizations of it, the author at times makes Rodin appear styleless. And while Professor Elsen stresses the conservatism of the early successes, the mature innovations seem slighted, perhaps because they are not assessed beside Michelangelo, the gothic, or the antique. We are told of Rodin's late friendship with Degas, but little else of his cultural *milieu.* He felt more at home with artists less daring than himself—Carrière, Cazin, Legros—than with his revolutionary peers—Cézanne, Gauguin, Monet. Rodin's most venturous friend may have been Medardo Rosso.

Margaret Barr's fascinating book about Rosso, the first in English, shows him as a strange and difficult character. Widely disparate affinities appear in his work: with Impressionism, Expressionism, *and* Futurism, with Daumier *and* Brancusi. An artist of limited effects and output (only thirty-nine works), he could be bolder than any contemporary, even



"Cambodian dancer," by Rodin (1906).

Rodin. He moved toward abstraction in the Nineties—not to the clearly defined abstract forms soon to dominate our century but to elusive and irrational forms which, while tradition-shattering, still carried an emotional content as traditional as that in the smoky-sweet work of Carrière.

Quirkier than Rodin, Rosso was less intelligent, articulate, and cultured than the former, yet it was he who bought a Van Gogh for himself and Rodin who worshipped Puvis de Chavannes. He became paranoically convinced that his work had influenced Rodin's *Balzac,* as (probably rightly) several contemporaries also believed, though Rodin, who may not have been conscious of his debt, did not acknowledge it.

Although Rodin seems to have real-

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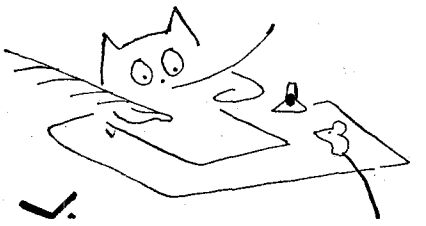
ized his artistic possibilities to the full, Rosso was unable to achieve a potential perhaps as significant. He created nothing notable after he was fifty, though he still produced casts. How lamentable is the loss of the wildest big pieces, where form is most eaten away by light and shadow most materialized (*Impression in an Omnibus, Impression on the Boulevard*). Of what is left, who can forget the hallucinatory head of Yvette Guilbert, or of Mme. X, where the wax ought to remind one of worn soap, but instead emanates the majesty and mystery of a Cycladic marble?

Rosso applied the term Impressionist to his work, and liked to exhibit with Impressionist painters. In accord with them in an obsessive concern with effects of light, he made pieces to be seen with illumination from a single source; one even contained a tiny lamp. Distortion of form derived often from purely optical experience, so much so that details could be rubbed out of the shadows. Some of his indulgences in painterly effects pushed sculpture to or beyond its sanctioned frontiers.

In Mrs. Barr, whose style is blessed with precision, grace, and wit (never marred by such infelicities as Professor Elsen's "heroicism" or "ludic"), Rosso has a perfect proponent. Multitudes of facts—many of them quite new—have been assembled as neatly and compactly as in watch works. Conjectures are never pushed: we make our own estimates from ample material. Mrs. Barr's book is in fact so welcome that we already look forward eagerly to her next.



She Danced to Feeling

Isadora Duncan: Her Life, Her Art, Her Legacy, *by Walter Terry (Dodd, Mead. 190 pp. $3.50), evokes a dance presence that was sinner-saint and myth. George Beiswanger, professor of philosophy at Georgia State College, is former dance critic of Theatre Arts magazine and sometime lecturer and writer on the dance.*

By GEORGE BEISWANGER

DANCE for Isadora Duncan was the body in lyric, passionate response to life. Isadora danced "what music did to her"—and poetry, and sculpture, and the sea. She danced *Ave Maria, La Marseillaise,* the *Internationale.* Isadora had to dance, and she had to make love. The two responses fought and left each other undisciplined. Yet no love dances significantly graced her public programs, and none of her public dances perdured.

But dance would not be what it is today if Isadora Duncan had not danced the way that she did, under the pressure of what moved her, with an assurance that was spontaneous, glorious, sublimely released. This constituted her genius and gave the art she never mastered an unforgettable dance presence, an exemplary but monitory life at once "dedicated and undisciplined," and an archetypal vision of what dancing is and dances ought to be. Thus Isadora became the sinner-saint of dance, a mistress mother-goddess, unredeemed as befits secular religion but redemptive as belongs to myth.

The myth is on record in memoirs, chapters of books, yellowing notices, interviews and monographs, and fast-thinning personal recollections. Today's dancers and dance audiences know precious little of it. The supreme virtue of Walter Terry's compact book is that it reanimates the image of Isadora and her wildly improbable career. The pastoral beginnings by the California seaside and in the drawing rooms of New York and London, the Continental triumphs, the apostolic missions to Greece, Russia, the United States, the frenetic rhythms of touring, teaching, love-making, and sheer scrounging, the peaks and abysses of personal joy and agony, the ultimate tragedy—these are briskly sketched in a lean, vivid, and efficient prose, replete with the telling episode, the revealing remark, the crucial estimate.

Throughout his account and the critical compendium that follows, the dance editor of the New York *Herald Tribune,* who never saw Isadora Duncan dance, keeps her art steadily in focus. If I am not mistaken, it is the first book that calmly envisages her as part of dance's "usable past." Parallel developments and interlocking influences are suggested. Enough but not too much is made of the revolutionary ideas Isadora espoused. One sees, in the drawings and sculptures from which many of the book's illustrations are taken, the influence she exerted upon all the arts. Critical response is ingeniously sampled, in many instances from long-buried notices that still convey a fresh immediacy, and important new data is evoked through interviews with many who saw Isadora dance.

What was it in the intellectual weather of the Eighties and Nineties which brought forth the astonishing ideas that pervade a Duncan interview when the girl was only nineteen? There was more to "the brown decades" than we have supposed, just as there was more to Isadora Duncan than her personal being. It is this "more" that Mr. Terry's book eventually adumbrates.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

MONKEY BUSINESS

Norma Gleason of Emmett, Michigan, presents a cluster of dismembered words with simian connotations and asks you to fill in the blank spaces. Answers on page 58.

1.	_ A P E _	table linen
2.	_ _ A P E _ _ _ _ _	edible citrus product
3.	_ _ A P E _ _	hat in Paris
4.	A P E _ _ _ _ _	pre-meal drink
5.	_ _ _ A P E	blanket worn by Spanish Indians
6.	_ A P E _ _ _ _ _	inexpensive book
7.	_ _ A P E _ _ _ _	one who takes another's blame
8.	_ _ A P E _ _ _ _	four-sided figure with two sides parallel
9.	_ _ _ A P E _ _	city on the Danube
10.	_ _ _ _ _ _ A P E	tidy
11.	_ A P E _	part of coat front
12.	_ _ _ A P E _	lower the value of

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Inertia, the Enemy Within

Self-Renewal: The Individual and the Innovative Society, *by John W. Gardner (Harper & Row. 141 pp. $3.50), examines the basic dilemma of how the good society can protect all its members without crushing the individual. William S. Lynch was formerly on the faculty of Cooper Union.*

By WILLIAM S. LYNCH

THE DELICATE balance between social organization and individuality has commanded the attention of many thinking persons, and there is no doubt that it should and will continue to do so. Similarly and relatedly, the dangers inherent in rigidity of organizational arrangements designed to serve us must be examined constantly in order that we may avoid the hazards they bring to the individual in modern society. For, as is pointed out in *Self-Renewal*, "unless we foster versatile, innovative, and self-renewing men and women, all the ingenious social arrangements in the world will not help us."

In an earlier book, *Excellence*, John Gardner stressed the importance of high standards in all things. Now, in a sense, he goes on from there to point out that institutions and individuals may hold themselves to the highest standards and yet founder on the rocks of complacency and apathy.

What is brought forth here is not always new, but the materials with which the author deals are put together in a manner that sheds a fresh light on a basic dilemma of the good society—how to keep it efficient and adaptive at the same time, how to make it protective of all without crushing its individual members. The dilemma extends beyond politics to all organizations and even to the individual himself.

Education, business, government, labor—all the phases of modern life—are parts of a delicate pattern of society easily destroyed unless truly committed to something worthwhile and unless fluid and self-renewing.

Flexibility is a key word. An established institution tends to freeze, lose its initial daring, and fear change. Bureaucracy flourishes; decay sets in; vested interests become entrenched. We are becoming aware of these dangers. They have been pointed out by thoughtful men and are constantly being examined by behavioral scientists. Himself a psychologist as well as head of the Carnegie Corporation, John Gardner lists the perils but shows with quiet optimism that they can be met. Using the results of our growing knowledge of ourselves and our groupings, he gives us reason to hope that all can be well if we are aroused out of lethargy to positive action.

Emerson is often quoted in this book, which is itself somewhat Emersonian in feeling. Self-reliance and the importance of the individual are obviously inherent in its basic philosophy. There is, too, much of the good, old-fashioned common sense not always found in statements of this kind. The general ideas might perhaps have been made more attractive through the use of specific illustrations. Though the tone is heavy, suggesting at times the academic rostrum, for the reader who wants a concise examination of one of the most important issues of our time—the stagnation of institutions in what seems to be an affluent society—this book is an answer. Mr. Gardner has a broad view of our problems, he has a thorough knowledge of what we have to work with to solve them, and he has a heart willing to be committed to their solution.

He knows that the moral order must be constantly renewed, even as society itself. His book is a summons to this task, a task that will strike some as a burdensome responsibility but which, as the author says, "will summon others to greatness."

The Side Streets of Dublin

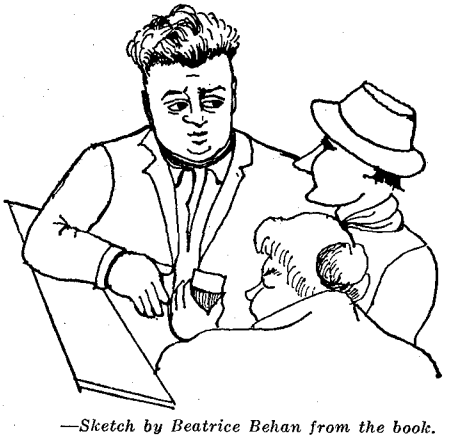
Hold Your Hour and Have Another, *by Brendan Behan (Little, Brown. 192 pp. $4.75), collects some sketches by the uninhibited Irish playwright of his fellow Dubliners. A. M. Sullivan is a poet and student of Irish history.*

By A. M. SULLIVAN

THERE are two Brendan Behans in the lively bulk of the man from Dublin—the extrovert bumbler who worries friend and foe alike, and the shrewd observer of human nature in all its vagaries. Behan's observation is extremely alert to the auditory as well as the visual; his is a talent sensitive to the nuances of speech. While this skill was indicated in the bawdy text of *The Borstal Boy*, it is much more evident in *Hold Your Hour and Have Another*, where dialogue delineates character in the rowdy humor and ironic asides. Withal, there is deep-seated compassion for fellow Irishmen, whether valid participants or pretentious frauds, in the "troubles" from 1916 to the end of the shooting. There are skilful bits of satire about the "other side," *e.g.*, the muddled memory of Sammy Watt, who attended a Fenian meeting in Derry as a self-appointed spy intending to report on the treasonable opinions of "Dave O'Leary"—his own addled version of "De Valera."

This collection of sketches, which appeared in the Irish press between 1954 and 1956, constitutes brief excursions into minor turbulence. The swift eddies and shallows of the stream of humanity pass under an eye that finds some justification for every misfit, poseur, or knave. Behan's ear for the talk of Dublin pubs and tenements is as keen as John O'Hara's for the speech of middle-class urban dwellers in New York or Pennsylvania. One recognizes the speech-flavor of O'Casey's *The Plough and the Stars* rather than that of Joyce's *Dubliners*; but Behan's skill in reporting the bizarre, the extravagant, and the maudlin is original, and gives a clue to his talent for stage dialogue.

Native Dubliners are competitive in conversation, and speak *ex cathedra* in



—Sketch by Beatrice Behan from the book.

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the same sense as politicians, philosophers, and evangelists—they are always concerned with the possibility of being overheard by an appreciative audience. They praise, belittle, excoriate with a rare combination of metaphor and solecism. Behan captures much of this in his sketches, and not without affection for the men and woman caught on the tines of his forked tongue. Mrs. Brennan, one of his favorites, says of her late husband: "In the British Milisha he was, my poor fellow, wasn't he, Maria Concepta? And a fine man, too."

"He was all that," said Maria Concepta, "and I heard my own fellow saying your fellow was as safe as houses in the war. He had only to put on his busby and march away. The Boers thought that it was a hedgehog moving."

The typical New Yorker may be at a loss in trying to follow the inferences, references, and innuendoes of Dublin idiom, although there are frequent notes identifying places and giving literal translations of Gaelic phrases. The language at times is almost as private as Limehouse Cockney; but the overtones and interlinear humor exude their flavor if not their full meaning.

If it were not for Behan's talent for transforming the trite, the absurd, and the nonsensical into rich farce, there would be no substance worth salvaging in many of these sketches; but his caricatures take on dimension and persist as characters long after one puts the book down. Here are people who mix wisdom and folly in a farrago that makes fascinating reading, once one is adjusted to the strange lingo.

"If you like, we could go to that place you wanted to go to on our honeymoon."

FICTION

The World Was Teacher's Apple

***Julio Jurenito,** by Ilya Ehrenburg, translated from the Russian by Anna Bostock and Yvonne Kapp (Dufour Editions. 317 pp. $3.95), makes available again the iconoclastic first novel by an author who has since become a part of the Soviet literary establishment. Novelist Daniel Stern wrote "Who Shall Live, Who Shall Die."*

By DANIEL STERN

THIS is one of the best first novels of any year. Crackling with ideas and erudition, riddled with wit, *Julio Jurenito* is a wild, satirical journey through virtually all of our century's major and minor concerns.

Yet the sad paradox is that this book was written in 1922 by the young Ilya Ehrenburg, who then went on to become one of the official voices of Soviet writing under Stalin and Khrushchev. His career has led to an old age heavy with honors (a considerable victory in the unstable world of Soviet literature). But at no point has he, to my knowledge, written with the ironic verve, the iconoclastic thrust with which he began.

This book dates from the period when the author was living in Paris, a temporary exile from the Russian Revolution. Here he apparently led an aimless café existence, full of the traditional Russian self-contempt and despair. Then, enter the fictional Julio Jurenito, a Mexican traveler (whom Ehrenburg —the narrator—first mistakes for the devil), and the fun begins.

Like Candide and Dr. Pangloss, the young hero and Jurenito make a hilarious but deadpan tour of the so-called civilized world. They pick up some outrageous disciples for the Teacher (as Ehrenburg instantly dubs Jurenito). The Teacher's ultimate purposes remain somewhat obscure; however, his short-term goal is clear: to seize every easily accepted value that governs the daily life of most of mankind and turn it on its head, pinch its nose, and take its moral and ethical temperature. The clinical report is consistently damaging—and funny.

Among the targets, to name just a few, are American greed, clerical hypocrisy, French middle-class morality, war for profit, war for freedom, the Teutonic passion for order, phony racial tolerance, and revolutionary Russia's insistence on the ideal of freedom while actively imposing new forms of tyranny. This last was no mean feat of intellectual honesty either for Ehrenburg or for the Lenin government: *Julio Jurenito* was published in Russia in 1922. (It recently had its first reprinting there.)

Jurenito and his ideas owe a heavy debt to Nietzsche's Zarathustra. As with that great amoralist, Jurenito's aim is supremely moral: to point the way to man's destiny by himself surpassing man as he now exists. Thus Jurenito becomes a philosophical *agent provocateur*. His technique is to carry to their logical extreme the semi-horrors practiced by men and their leaders. His targets may seem familiar; they are merely classic. And his arrows are tipped with the most contemporary of satirical poisons.

For example: as a self-appointed representative of the mythical country of Labardan, Jurenito shocks the Allies during World War I by a declaration stating that the Labardans are willing to fight for the sake of self-determination for all nations. He is given a swift cold shoulder. But when he proposes entering the war in return for certain territorial claims, he is welcomed with open arms—and armies.

Ehrenburg is sometimes prophetic.

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When Jurenito attempts to outdo the destructive powers available to the Europe of World War I by creating a super-weapon, he is tactfully advised to "save it for the Japanese." When he prepares a poster inviting citizens of the capitals of Europe to "A SOLEMN PERFORMANCE OF THE DESTRUCTION OF THE TRIBE OF JUDAH—including . . . TRADITIONAL POGROMS . . . plus BURNING OF JEWS, BURYING OF SAME ALIVE, AS WELL AS MODERN METHODS OF 'EVACUATION,' et cetera," he is immediately chided by a disciple for his cynicism.

He lectures a commissar on freedom: "You are destroying freedom; that is why I salute you . . . A day will come when 'freedom' will be the revolutionary slogan of boys in their last year at school, and from it . . . will come flying the magnificence and all the thousand vestments of the world you're building today. . . . But for the present 'freedom' is the consecration of all the world's refuse heaps. . . . If you don't shoot me I'll collaborate with you to the full: that is, I shall destroy beauty and freedom of thought, feeling and action . . . in the name of a unified, lawful and correct organization of mankind."

IN this novel Ilya Ehrenburg is the equal in rebellious imagination of Yevtushenko, Voznesensky, or just about any of the young turks now writing in Russia—or, for that matter, of their American counterparts.

Noah's Stowaways

Two by Two: A Story of Survival, *by David Garnett (Atheneum. 144 pp. $3.50), parables the story of the Ark. James Gindin, who is an associate professor of English at the University of Michigan, is the author of "Postwar British Fiction."*

By JAMES GINDIN

ALTHOUGH the movies would indicate that much contemporary British writing deals directly with social issues, a number of recent British novels are parables or fables. Angus Wilson has written a fable of the animal kingdom in *The Old Men at the Zoo*; Iris Murdoch has injected bits of fairy tale, parable, and mystic symbol into the complex structures of her novels; William Golding's four widely heralded novels are all fables. Now, David Garnett, a writer long distinguished for his literary reminiscences and for his sophisticated novels about love, has published a parable, *Two by Two*, subtitled "A Story of Survival."

Although the parable attempts to underline what is enduring or significant about all men, each writer gives his parable something of his own insight, his own literary quality. Whereas Golding's fables sometimes seem locked in the machinery of their own metaphysic and Angus Wilson's proliferate to allow a vast range of detail analogous to contemporary society, Mr. Garnett's parable is graceful and witty, marked by the same compassion and unsentimental gentleness, clarity and compression that

David Garnett—"graceful and witty."

characterized earlier novels by him like *Aspects of Love* and *A Net for Venus*.

In a brief preface to *Two by Two* Mr. Garnett states that the novel "was conceived as a frivolous gloss upon the most charming story in the Bible," but that "a parable kept pushing its way in." This statement accurately represents the unpretentious tone of the novel.

A pair of twin girls, after eluding both the predatory primeval hunter and the organized slave market, sneak aboard Noah's Ark disguised as woolly monkeys in order to escape the general deluge. Befriended by lions, tigers, and snakes (if not by the monkeys), they survive the months on the Ark. After the landing on Mount Ararat, they settle with two of Noah's grandsons and, two by two, begin repopulating the world.

The parable, however, is less central than are the matters of "frivolous gloss": the gradual growth of the girls' awareness, the comic portraits of Noah and his family, the sense of kinship and of difference between man and animal, the mixture of good and evil in man before the flood.

At one point while on the Ark the twins are discussing the nature of God and the cause of the deluge. Niss, the more sensitive and dependent of the two, asks the questions that her sister, Fan, cannot answer.

> "But you must have a theory," insisted Niss.
>
> "No. I haven't enough facts to form one. It was damned lucky for us. That's all."
>
> Niss was not satisfied with this. It was very reasonable but she would have liked Fan to have had a theory even if she had found it difficult to explain.

Niss never is fully satisfied, for Garnett never provides an answer, never pushes his parable into the confines of a concrete moral. Rather, his "meaning" lies in the grace, the tone, the gallantry of human response to unanswerable floods and dilemmas.

Katzenjammers in Antarctica: Philip Benjamin's *Quick, Before It Melts* (Random House, $4.95) is one of those square-pegs-in-military-circles novels where laughs are sparked by rubbing misfits against strict military discipline. *See Here, Private Hargrove*, *No Time for Sergeants*, and *Don't Go Near the Water* are three other such works that come to mind at this writing; a little thought could easily lengthen the list.

This time out, the setting is the Antarctic during the International Geophysical Year; the service involved is the peacetime Navy. The Katzenjammer kids are Oliver Cannon, a fumble-footed reporter for *Sage* magazine, and Peter Santelli, a photographer who calls to mind Ensign Pulver of *Mister Roberts* and video's Sgt. Bilko—not to mention any half-dozen of those interchangeable boyish types that Jack Lemmon seems so determined to play *ad infinitum*. The thin plot line, strong enough to support a series of improbable incidents, concerns Oliver's need to dig up a sensational story for his magazine from the frozen quiet of the Antarctic continent.

Mr. Benjamin tells it all in a relaxed, easygoing manner that may not have the reader rolling on the floor but will not put him to sleep, either. Now and again traces of master humorists

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creep into the text to offer glimpses of the author's early mentors. S. J. Perelman comes to mind when Philip Benjamin writes: ". . . we talked of Trivia, a small emerging nation in Central Africa." And the arrival scene at McMurdo Sound, when their vehicle driven by a Lieutenant Partridge goes dead, offers a bit of dialogue out of the heyday of the Marx Brothers:

> "Guess we ran out of gas," Partridge said.
>
> "Come now," Santelli said, "that's an old dodge."
>
> In spite of the fact that I was slowly freezing to death, I managed to gasp, "It looks more like an old Ford to me."

Despite the predictability of how all the high jinks must come out, and despite the familiarity of this type of novel, *Quick, Before It Melts* makes for a pleasant evening's reading. It is not "a very funny novel," as the publisher insists on labeling it, but it is fun.

—HASKEL FRANKEL.

Nanny and the Moonrakers: Pamela Frankau may not have meant to offer a guessing game as bonus, but the reader of *Sing for Your Supper* (Random House, $4.95) will enjoy deciding whose story is to be continued in the next two volumes of the projected trilogy, *Clothes of a King's Son*.

One suspects it will be one of the male characters. Out, then, must go the nanny, Blanche Briggs, whose beautifully understated emotions at the beginning and the end of a fateful summer form the opening and closing scenes of the novel. Out also go Rab, the touching young American tomboy, and her mother, Paula, who become Nanny's charges in a real sense during the brief and intense period at the seaside.

This leaves Nanny's employer, Philip Weston, and two of his three children, for whom Nanny has always provided, during school holidays, their only sense of safety. Philip, a sort of upper-class version of the Entertainer, is chief actor and playwright of a makeshift revue called *Moonrakers of 1926*, currently running at the Fundrome on the pier. Though his lightning shifts of personality are understandingly presented, he is clearly not the author's hero.

Each of Philip's children deserves a full-scale study. Sarah, like her brothers, is secretly struggling with a problem created by essential homelessness. She has a history of vulnerability to young women who seem to be all that she is afraid she will never become; and she falls in love with an "artiste" in her father's company. Gerald, the older brother, imaginative, witty, sympathetic, is torn between the Oxford education his talents demand—now made possible by his father's marriage to Paula—and his own private compulsion to fill his pockets with cash by methods out of bounds for gentlemen. Even at sixteen he seems too lost to be chosen.

"—Now, taking a look at this morning's traffic situation, all highways leading into the city are jammed and moving very slowly, with considerable delay at the bridges and tunnels. Traffic is at a complete standstill on the expressway as a result of construction and there's a major tie-up on—"

So only Thomas is left—a square-looking ten-year-old with tousled yellow hair, uncommunicative most of the time but prone to sudden violence when his loyalties are in question. His problem is how to deal with the occult gifts he has inherited from his grandmother. The supranormal phenomena discreetly revealed by the author suggest a future with enough peril and possibility to fill a trilogy.

Miss Frankau, a conscious craftsman, has presented a cast of characters who never once speak or act out of key with what they are: servant or aristocrat, child or adult, or (most difficult of all) British or American. In her autobiography, *Pen to Paper*, Miss Frankau describes a novel in progress as a "mountain to climb, with a story line like a rope made fast to a belay on the other side." Whether or not the most inspired works are written with endings so firmly forecast, Miss Frankau here climbs steadily to a superb one.

Nanny has said an outwardly calm goodbye to her children as they are swept off to dubious prospects in America. After stopping to pick up nightgowns to mend for a lady to whom she is a supercharwoman during her off-seasons, Blanche makes her quietly agonized way home, where there awaits her what no reader can fail to recognize as the one gloriously right eventuality.

—HOPE HALE DAVIS.

Coming February 15th

Education Supplement

"A Word of Advice to Overanxious Parents—
Get off Johnny's Back!"
By Lewis M. Magill,

Chairman of the Committee on Academic Standing
at Washington State University

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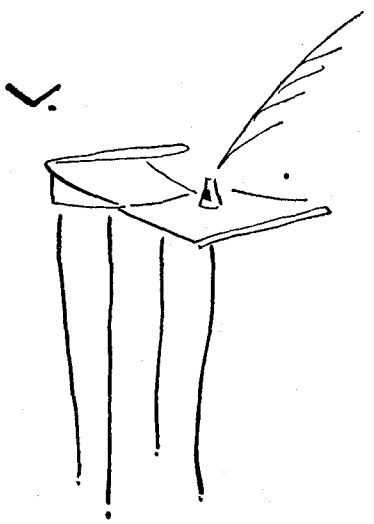
The Real Thing

Continued from page 30

that we no longer deserve a Mark Twain, wouldn't know what to do with him. But it is some consolation that we are not likely to be embarrassed by a smart aleck of that caliber for another millennium or so. It takes an enormous fund of social generosity to generate a Mark Twain. And to develop properly, the infant Clemens must be born at a time when it is customary for a man to look another in the eye, and, occasion offering, spit in it. Not quite the atmosphere in which we live and move and have our being, *n'est-ce pas*? Generosity? We are the people who have enough unsalable butter rotting in storehouses to butter up China and India, but dare not give the stuff away. Ditto corn and wheat in our ever-abnormal granaries. For that matter, we dare not give it to our miners in Kentucky, nor to our schoolchildren. As for independence of mind, in our time that particular breach of good manners is chargeable only to the lunatic fringe. When we hear the adventurous young praise the drugs that are credited with "extending the frontiers of consciousness," we say, "What consciousness?" And at that, there is a grim comedy in the spectacle of vigorous youth trying to live on chemical visions, turning, in the desperate boredom we have bequeathed them, to a regimen of spiritual hydroponics. It is another unwitting advance in the direction marked by canned food and canned thought, toward the ultimate goal of canned sensation. There is comedy in it, but not the kind that breeds humorists.

In compiling *The Complete Short Stories of Mark Twain, The Complete Humorous Sketches and Tales of Mark Twain*, and *The Complete Essays of Mark Twain* (Doubleday, $4.95 each) Mr. Charles Neider was under the painful necessity of cutting up perfectly good books like *Roughing It, Life on the Mississippi*, and *The Innocents Abroad*, and at first one is inclined to curse him for his pains. But he has a point, one that goes some way toward justifying the disease of the age, the anthological passion, the jackdaw lust for bright fragments, the packrat enthusiasm for orts and scraps of printed matter. Given that sickness of ours, it *is* convenient to have the essay on the German language, the speech before the New England Society, and the critique of James Fenimore Cooper where we can lay reverent hands on them at once. Yet who could have guessed that Tottel's *Miscellany* would be the pattern for the dominant literary form of Western civilization in its decline? Our acquisitive instinct and our ignorant eclecticism both have their monument in the anthology. But, "The gods are just," says Edgar, "and of our pleasant vices make instruments to plague us." When, after a long course of anthological riot, our brains are melted quite away, Mr. Neider will have no scope for his labors. Then, too, will the wicked cease from troubling—or at least Messrs. Doubleday will not have three volumes of Mark Twain to adorn with folksy dust-jackets. Do we really deserve those dust-jackets? Are we as dumb as we look? I suppose we must be, for if we were smart enough to refuse books so jacketed, publishers would not be turning them out.

Shaw, Wells, Chesterton, Belloc—all of them were characterized by an extreme assertiveness and pertinacity, and



all of them could lay claim to the comic spirit. Mark Twain's mind was no less pugnacious and insistent. His style is deliberately repetitious, stubbornly incremental; his humor is most often expressed in an implacable worrying of the subject that would be intolerable if it were not managed with such art. Half our pleasure in reading him comes from the tension he generates in us by repeatedly assaulting his theme, to the point where our nerves are worn and ready to quit—and then he produces the verbal or logical surprise that releases all tension in laughter. Not to mention his linguistic gift, and in particular the exquisite verbal tact that allowed him to use the colloquial language, in dialogue, narrative, or exposition, with all the delicacy of literary diction. What distinguishes the colloquial from more formal language is the relative intensity of the latter that fits it for the uses of art, which lives by tension. But Mark Twain infused into the flaccid language of common speech, with its waste motion and fits and starts, the tension required for art. In this respect his prose is as muscular as poetry.

All of which suggests what is wrong with "pop art"—wrong, that is, in addition to the assumption that easy does it. Once we get over the surprise of seeing the objects of our debased material culture isolated, framed, and offered to our contemplation as art, there is no intrinsic tension to hold us. Packaging and advertising are cast in the slack colloquial mode, and a genre that reproduces the package and the ad-copy, or the mass-produced and characterless artifact, simply does not have the stage-presence to hold our interest. There is, of course, an element of social criticism in pop art, but it is too crude to be illuminating. Whatever vitality this kind of un-art possesses comes from the fact that it parasitizes the art of the past. That is, we have certain expectations based on our experience of art—we expect, at very least, to be interested—and for a while we stare hopefully at the work of un-art, waiting for something to happen to us. The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed. Then, if they have as much sense as sheep, they make for where the grass is. As Mark Harris says, easy does it not.

Where did Mark Twain get the energy to do it the hard way? From an inexhaustible fund of anger, it seems to me. He was a splendid hater, and his exuberant spleen sometimes led him into grotesqueries of judgment and accusation that were worthy of him only in their monumental scale. He devoted an entire book to a sonorous anathematizing of Christian Science. He detested the French, on the ground that no decent nation would have delivered up Joan of Arc to the executioner. But mainly he was a civilized man, and the murder working in him he turned to satire and ironic castigation of human stupidity—the moral equivalent of war. "I will not cease from mental fight," said Blake, and Mark Twain might have taken the line for his device.

"O'Hara's best... a joy to behold"
—*Chicago News*

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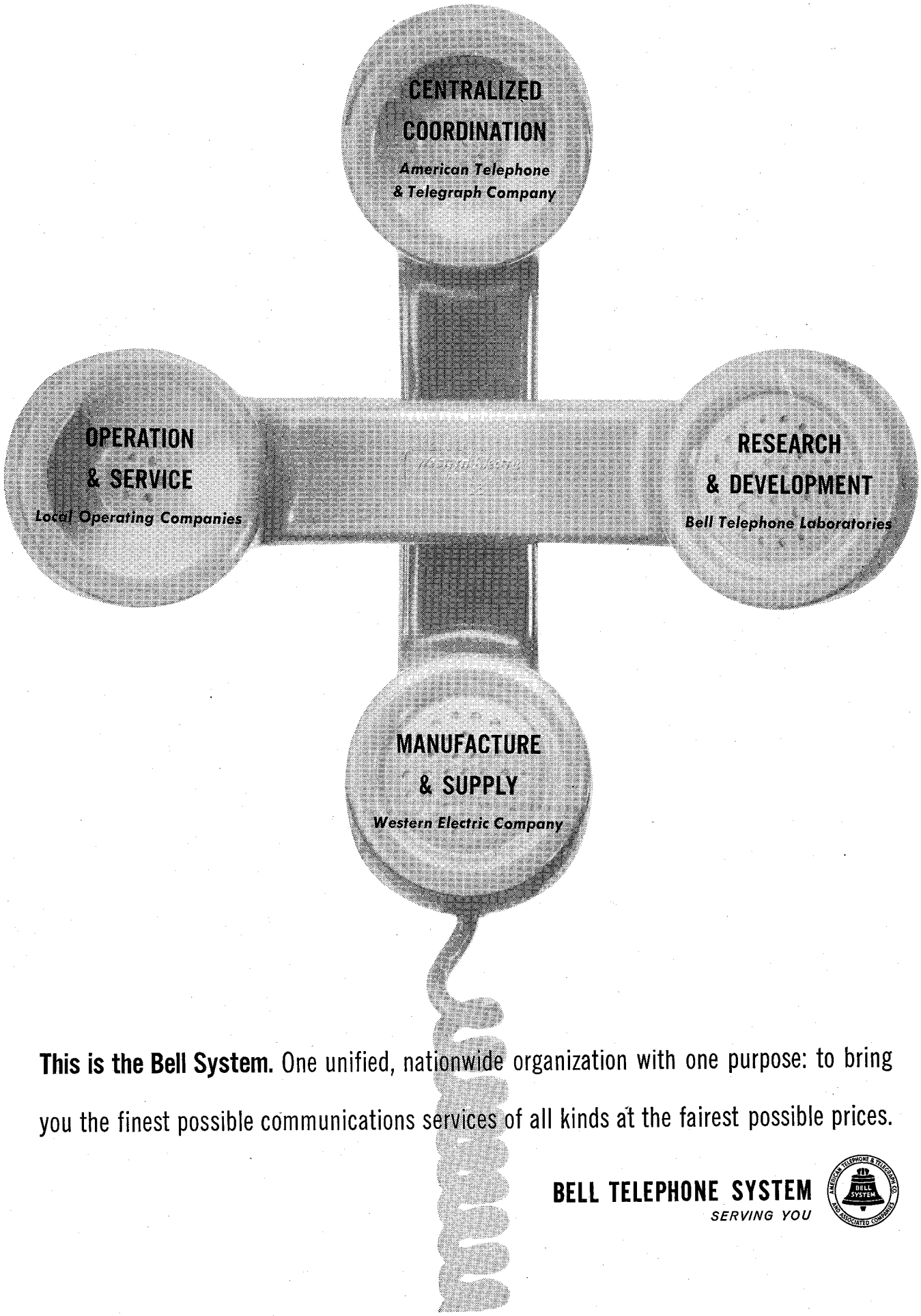

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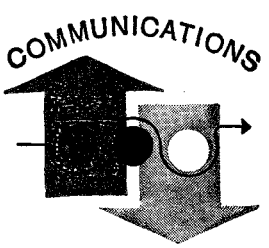
COMMUNICATIONS

Communications Editor: RICHARD L. TOBIN



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The Sunday Paper Is Here to Stay

THE DIFFICULTIES encountered in recent years by supplements to U.S. Sunday newspapers were dramatized for all of us recently when that famous old Hearst Sunday newspaper insert, *The American Weekly,* gave up the ghost. Other nationally distributed Sunday supplements have announced regional editions and whole new editorial formats designed to hold on to the largest weekly circulation in this country. Comic sections in color, once the very identification of the American Sunday press, are radically altered of late. The trend is definitely toward the local Sunday paper, in format and content, with emphasis on that word *local.*

What has happened, of course, is that first radio and then television cut deeply into the newspaper business's income from national advertising. It has been said many times that all advertising is local in its effect, and it is obvious that the future of the newspaper in this country is at the local level. Attempts by the *New York Times* and *Wall Street Journal,* among others, to establish a truly national newspaper have not yet succeeded except where the information is of a specialized nature, as in the case of the daily, regional *Wall Street Journal,* with its excellent and exclusive tabular matter and behind-the-scenes financial news coverage. The Western edition of the *New York Times,* never a great financial success, has just been given up by the home paper. Yet the *New York Times* itself, in its indigenous area, continues to expand and prosper, as most local print media are continuing to expand and prosper at the specialized and local level.

The fundamental reason for this is that a local paper, daily or Sunday, does not have to depend entirely upon national advertising, though national advertising is important in its final product. In other words, whereas big national magazines of general circulation have had their hands full with TV competition, as have Sunday supplements distributed nationally, the local Sunday paper has been doing very well indeed, as final linage figures for 1963 will make eminently clear.

Americans apparently still read their Sunday papers thoroughly and look forward to them. Elmo Roper recently made a survey of Sunday habits in America and came to four conclusions: 1) Sunday is a good day to reach people; they are relaxed and receptive; 2) what they do and think on Sunday has a tremendous bearing on consumption of certain types of products; 3) readers believe that advertising adds value to their Sunday newspaper; 4) the Sunday newspaper is the best way to reach people through print, and the only way to reach them early in the day. Mr. Roper found that, while 71 per cent of American families watch television on Sunday, only 10 per cent are morning TV viewers. On the other hand, of all who read a Sunday paper, 56 per cent are morning readers.

In other words, the local Sunday paper continues to be a highly potent advertising medium because it comes at a time when readers are not distracted, when they are relaxed, when they are talking over family plans and purchases, and when the enormous competition of network television is not an important factor. Mr. Roper finds that more than 30,000,000 families

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discuss their financial plans or future during the daylight hours of any given Sunday; over 27,000,000 their vacation plans, their children, and schooling; and over 26,000,000 discuss purchases costing $100 or more—a new car, new furniture or household appliances, farm equipment, a new house or house repairs, a new boat, next spring's landscaping. The survey also divulges that 67 per cent of the American people read a Sunday newspaper every Sunday—usually during the daylight hours; and 74 per cent read a Sunday paper at least two of every four Sundays in a normal month. The percentage of Sunday readership in cities over 100,000 population is considerably higher, by the way.

All this tends to confirm something we've felt for some time—that new advertising media never wholly replace

the old, but simply supplement them and widen total advertising exposure. Radio did not destroy the newspaper, television did not destroy either the radio or newspapers, and none of these media, nor outdoor advertising, direct mail, or other form of ad dissemination, has lessened the opportunity in the magazine business. On the contrary, magazines, particularly those with a sharper focus on a specialized field, had by all odds their best year in 1963, in the face of violent competition from TV at the national advertising level. In other words, print media doing a job with news and service have not only survived but prospered.

So it is with the Sunday paper. It is an American institution and it will remain one. But, as Adolph S. Ochs knew so well many years ago, an editor must fill his Sunday paper with news and features available nowhere else and especially adapted to an indigenous audience at, fundamentally, the local level first. News and service are the key to success in any medium, electronic or print, and the Sunday paper is succeeding because it gives its local readers just that.

—R.L.T.

Letters to the Communications Editor

Common Sense at Macalester

THE EDITORIAL "Experiment in Common Sense," by Richard L. Tobin [*SR*, Jan. 11], describes the work of Macalester College's World Press Institute in glowing colors. What is missing, to my astonishment, is any mention of the Institute's founder and present director, Harry W. Morgan.

How can Mr. Tobin, who is generally so fair in his writing, omit Mr. Morgan's name? A graduate of Rutgers University, Mr. Morgan had an interest in overseas students that led him into this greatly needed and successful work with journalists of many lands. . . .

ELVIRA K. FRADKIN.

Montclair, N.J.

WHAT AN EXTRAORDINARILY WONDERFUL POST-CHRISTMAS PRESENT. WE ARE ALL GRATEFUL TO YOU.

WORLD PRESS INSTITUTE.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

YOUR JANUARY 11 ISSUE was unusually good reading, containing, as it did, RLT's editorial report on the Macalester College World Press Institute and Tom Wicker's "A Reporter Must Trust His Instinct."

FRED MOORE.

Summit, N.J.

The Press and Prepared Obits

WOULD YOU ENLIGHTEN me regarding the last paragraph in Tom Wicker's excellent article [*SR*, Jan. 11]: "It was then that I remembered John F. Kennedy's obituary. Last June, Hal Faber had sent it to me for updating. On November 22, it was still lying on my desk in Washington, not updated, not rewritten, a monument to the incredibility of that afternoon in Dallas."

Why did Hal Faber send an obituary to Mr. Wicker in *June* for JFK—to be updated? My unprofessional mind cannot grasp it. I'll be ever so grateful to have you clear it up for me; it has haunted me ever since I read it last evening.

MRS. HILDA ADEL.

Croton on Hudson, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Most newspapers and all big-city newspapers have in their composing rooms drawer after drawer of standing type on the most famous men and women of the time. This material is known as the prepared obituary and is written and set into type in advance, in case of the sudden death of one of the famous people on the editor's "prepared obit" list. The reason is quite simple: if a death of this importance should come right on a deadline, whole editions would go by without a proper obit for the reader. Therefore, the obits are set in type in advance, and, as in the case Mr. Wicker mentioned, reassigned from time to time for bringing up to date. The material in these obits is entirely biographical. All that needs to be added is the circumstance of death—manner, time, place, survivors.*

Lads and a Rat Hole

IN HIS ARTICLE "When the Press Shapes the News" [*SR*, Jan. 11], Herbert Brucker poses the question: "How many lads does it take to watch one rat hole?" If the answer is "one," let's hope it is *not* Mr. Brucker, for he let his "rat" slip unnoticed right between his legs.

Mr. Brucker's rat, of course, is TV. Why not do the obvious in cases where all members of the press cannot be admitted to an event (such as the Ruby trial)? Full TV picture and sound coverage, made possible through several inconspicuous, carefully placed cameras and mikes, could be piped by closed circuit into an adjacent press room. Here *all* reporters could see what was happening on multiple monitors simultaneously. There would be no "bad seats," and most reporters could witness events that would be unviewable from a stationary position in the courtroom.

Like all newspapermen, Mr. Brucker grudgingly gives TV "its finest hour" in the four-day coverage of President Kennedy's death—an "hour" that cost the video industry millions of dollars. Strange to note, I did not see or hear of *one* American newspaper that cut back (much less deleted) its advertising for *any* edition during that tragic time. In fact, they did not even limit the advertising to sober "memorial" spaces; the same offensive splashes for hemorrhoids, itchy scalp, and female-complaint remedies were still there.

Yes, think of our "free" press! Contrasted with free television, the total volume of most large dailies is over *two-thirds* advertising—measured by either linage or weight—and we have to *buy* the damned newspaper to boot! Thank heavens an electronic substitute is rapidly becoming our No. 1 source of news.

STAN PHILLIPS.

Denver, Colo.

HERBERT BRUCKER touched trippingly on three events shaped unequivocally by the press: Oswald's transfer, Khrushchev's USA tour, and the Presidential news conference. One disturbing aspect of the latter is that economists, politicians, educators, and technicians rarely question the Chief Executive over the airwaves, but must defer to the newshen or the newsmen and their hugger-mugger style. Indeed, who questioned the Great Debaters? To what extent, then, does the press elect a president? Candidates must vie for coverage long before a vote is cast, must court a curious public through the press. Can not

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that press spew out whatever image it chooses to shape?

M. C. CHERRY.

Kingston, Mass.

HERBERT BRUCKER'S aspersions on broadcast journalists are unworthy of his profession. I had thought that this sort of intermedium bickering had long since been laid to rest. Certainly Tom Wicker, writing in the same issue, evidences a healthy respect for his colleagues of the spoken word.

Although most of us object to television commercials to some degree, Brucker's left-handed compliment to the networks for omitting them following the assassination is in poor taste. Even if the broadcasters lost $40,000,000, he observes, it was worth it. Did Brucker's Hartford *Courant* cancel all of *its* advertising for four days? None of the papers in this area did.

I have not observed that boorishness and stupidity are typical of radio and TV reporting, nor are they unknown in newspaper reporting. Certainly such men as William Lawrence, Walter Cronkite, and Gabe Pressman did not become boors or idiots by switching from reportage via written word to reportage via spoken word. And Edward R. Murrow was far from either, despite his never having reported for a newspaper or wire service. On the other hand, photographers from newspapers as well as television have publicly displayed moments of private sorrow; reporters from all media have asked insipid, cruel, or repetitive questions. The three-and-a-half-century tradition of newspapers to which Brucker refers has not managed to purify the printed page any more than broadcasting's three and a half decades have purified the airwaves.

What I am suggesting to Brucker is that journalism is in fact one profession, regardless of the medium that conveys the reporter's words to his audience. The TV reporter who appears on camera is no more shaping the news than the newspaperman who announces: "This reporter can state, based on an exclusive interview, that. . . ." If Brucker would only accept the existence of a journalistic fraternity encompassing all media, as the press corps did instinctively that day in Dallas, it would help terminate the bickering, and the standards of all media might improve.

HARVEY I. LEIFERT,
Instructor of International Relations,
San Francisco State College.

San Francisco, Calif.

IT IS PERHAPS understandable that you should ask Herbert Brucker to discuss for your readers selected aspects of the background and implications of the hypothetical issue that journalists on occasion may "shape" the news [*SR*, Jan. 11]. He is, to be sure, a distinguished journalist in his own right, author of a book on freedom of information, and current president of the American Society of Newspaper Editors. But as his article plainly demonstrates, he is first, last, and unequivocally a newspaperman, one of those members of the senior generation of the older medium who are quick with the backs of their hands for "those brash newcomers, radio and television."

Certainly it is true that broadcasting, as a medium and as an institution in the service of society, has shortcomings. It is also true, as such familiar spokesmen for the Old Order as Mr. Brucker prefer not to dwell upon, that the American newspaper —despite its "three and a half centuries of experience and discipline"—is susceptible to equally severe charges of ineptitude. . . .

But although Mr. Brucker is reluctantly willing to concede that broadcasting's journalists are sometimes capable of professional performance at least on a par with that of their paper-and-pencil colleagues, in general he posits radio and television as the chief reasons for the existence of the American Bar Association's dictum (Canon 35) on coverage of courtroom proceedings, as well as assorted other facets of the "news-shaping" issue. . . . It has been nearly a decade since the Supreme Court of Colorado, having witnessed a demonstration of the very devices proposed by Mr. Brucker, reversed its previous holding in favor of Canon 35. And, led by the Radio-Television News Directors Association, broadcast journalists (often in concert with newspaper and magazine photojournalists) have been trying for many years, with limited success, to drag other benches into the twentieth century. . . .

Happily, there is also a new generation of newspaper journalists, typified by the night editor of a daily who wrote to *Editor & Publisher* following publication of the sour grapes polemic by an old-style airport reporter quoted so approvingly by Mr. Brucker. This letter-writer to *E&P* expressed admiration for television's coverage of the Kennedy assassination as "a feat of communication probably without equal." As for his fellow newspaperman who complained of the presence of broadcast newsmen at interviews, the *E&P* correspondent suggested that the former had forgotten about the role of competition in newsgathering. "If his type prevails," said the night editor, "then I believe the newspaper industry is in dire peril of being overtaken, and indeed displaced, by that rugged young pioneer of the airwaves."

I, for one, neither wish for nor foresee that either important medium will "overtake" the other. But the time is past due for the print media's Old Guard to acknowledge that broadcast journalism (room for improvement and all) is not only here to stay, but also deserves the same sort of informed, objective criticism as does its newspaper counterpart.

ROBERT LINDSAY,
Association for Education in Journalism.

Minneapolis, Minn.

The Unions and PR

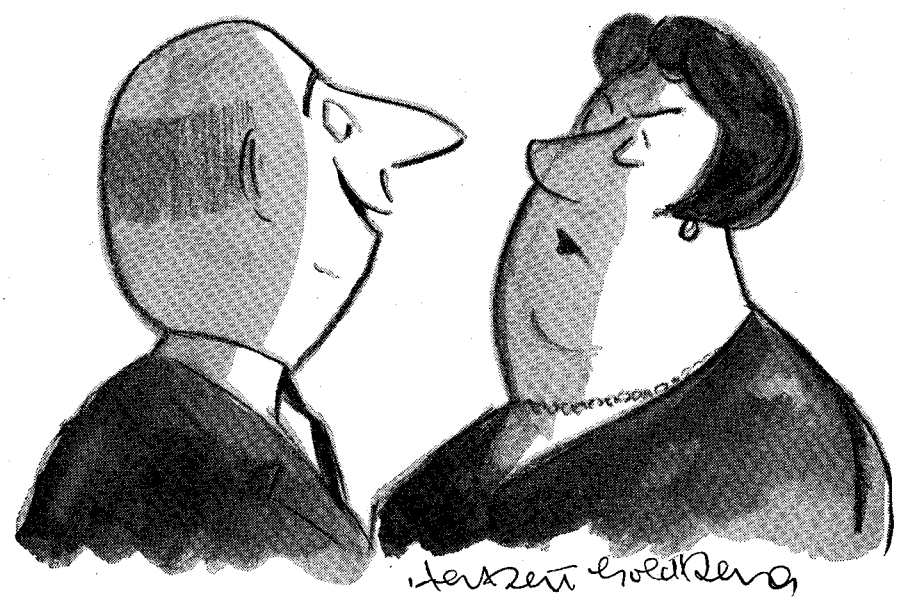
L. L. L. GOLDEN'S ARTICLE on union public relations [*SR*, Dec. 14] offers a good description of the steps taken by the public relations staffs of the AFL-CIO and many affiliated unions to convey their organizations' message to the general public. As Mr. Golden suggested, labor faces some overwhelming challenges in seeking to deal with both its current and its residual public relations problems.

Some of these problems are beyond the power of any public relations department to handle adequately. If a union leadership chooses to adopt an erroneous policy, about all the union public relations people can do is hope for a change—and meanwhile make the best of a bad situation. The problem is made more difficult, it seems to me, because probably no other segment of the American public receives as much constant analysis, accurate or inaccurate, in print and on television, as the labor movement.

When the AFL-CIO or any of its big unions convenes, a considerable portion of the news coverage is apt to take the form of an analytical essay: Is labor meeting its responsibilities? Is labor leadership sufficiently alert to the problems it faces? Will the policy decisions adopted by the convention receive public support and are they adequate for the situation? Is labor too tired or too militant, too strong or too weak, too effective or too obsolescent? Discussions of this type are frequent and often penetrating.

On the other hand, few newspapers or

(*Continued on page* 56)



"Say, how about us having some sort of peace treaty?"

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MIRACLE ON TWELFTH STREET

By WILSON SULLIVAN

TWO young men from Long Island went West in the late 1880s, judged the soap business less than sudsy, and returned to New York to found a multimillion-dollar newspaper empire.

Their names were Edmund W. and Louis E. Fairchild—names not as colloquial as Greeley, or Ochs, or Hearst—not then, not now. But to 350,000 retailers, manufacturers, distributors and buyers who pay $2,200,000 per year for the business news put out by their heirs, the Fairchilds' name is as vital as a post-seasonal clearance. In the well-wrought pages of its three dailies, five weeklies, slick magazine, books, and catalogues, Fairchild tells decision-makers in top U.S. businesses how to sell, what to make, how competitors do it, and what —in terms of ultimate profit and loss— the state of the union *really* is.

To *Women's Wear Daily* alone, Macy's has seventy New York subscriptions; J. C. Penney, ninety; Saks (all branches), eighty; and Dallas's chic Neiman-Marcus, thirty. DuPont's subscriptions to Fairchild publications approach 1,000.

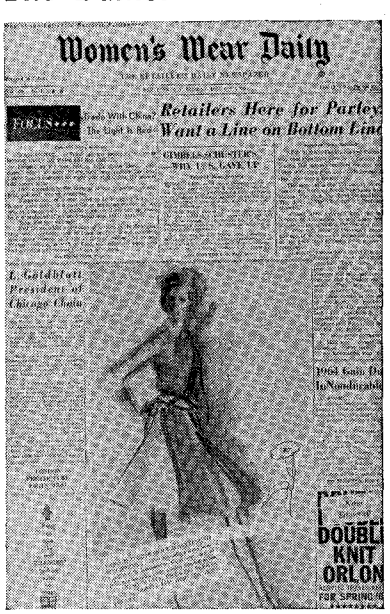
With perhaps the same zeal that their fathers mimeographed business clues in the *Daily Trade Record* at Chicago's 1893 World's Fair, Louis W. and Edgar W. B. Fairchild now pay $8,000,000 to publish a shower of in-group news: *Women's Wear Daily,* circulation 52,-903; *Daily News Record* (men's wear), 22,926; and *Home Furnishings Daily,* 37,793—all of which reach more people than 90 per cent of American dailies. Fairchild also publishes five weeklies: *Supermarket News,* at a torrid 58,869 circulation; *Electronic News* at 47,861; *Drug News Daily* at 38,827; *Metalworking News* at 32,956; and *Footwear News* at 24,523.

With no credible competitor in sight, Fairchild delivers this news with the paid assistance of 1,600 people around the world. Home base is nineteen sprawling and seedy floors on New York's Twelfth Street at Fifth Avenue. Editorial and copy desk personnel number 384 in Manhattan, 217 in Fairchild's forty news bureaus in the U.S. and all over the globe. (The Chicago bureau alone employs fifty-four.) Mechanically, 450 men put out the paper, 200 in the composing room alone. Thirty-eight linotype machines feed lead lines into a six-unit Scott rotary press with a run capacity of 192 pages and an hourly rate of 50,000. (The *New York Times*'s is 60,-000). All of Fairchild's publications are published and printed on Twelfth Street, except *Men's Wear,* which is printed on Long Island.

In addition to its own news bureaus sending on-the-spot releases from all over the world, Fairchild maintains AP wire service and enjoys direct Dow Jones quotations and prophecies. Over the wire comes such news as that Ohrbach's is building a *third* West Coast store, or that Company Alpha is increasing the prices on—of all things—"numerically controlled turret drills." President Johnson's State of the Union Message was reported principally in clearly specific terms of dollars-and-cents operations. And just to make sure it's on the commercial beam, Fairchild sends its own man to Presidential press conferences, sits in Congress's press gallery, and, surveying the hit-and-run scene of national news reporting, credibly claims to be "one of the four or five top news services of the country," certainly "the largest specializing exclusively in business news."

Each of the Fairchild newspapers is autonomous. Each has its own editor, its own copy desk, its own art director, and its own advertising director. There is little overlapping, save for the unifying rotary press, the research services, the mail room, friendly inter-team

The Dailies



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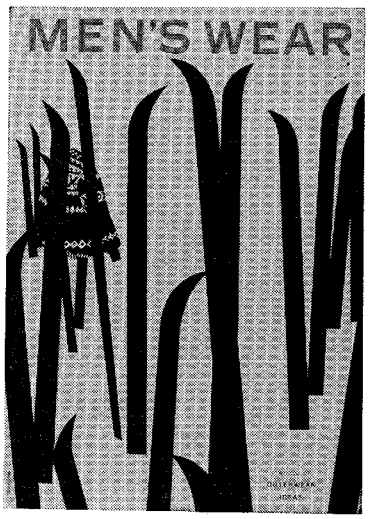
hellos on the elevators, and the company's lusty commitment to collective profit.

Who needs Fairchild the most? "We edit our seven merchandise publications for the retailer, our industrial papers for industry management," says Fairchild's associate director of public relations, Miss Kathryn Nick. "We think we give them the news they need."

Fairchild's eight newspapers, daily and weekly, do not contradict Miss Nick's puff. They are not much for makeup; even their first pages are the purest typographical pastiche. Conservative type born in Westport lies down with screamers planned for Brooklyn at 2 A.M. Pictures, often, are just where they shouldn't be. There's a breezy, who-cares sort of rush about the face of the papers; reproduction is muddy, save for the always astonishing offset and letter-press inserts.

But the papers deliver the news for which cash clients cry. Headlines are



lively: WITH DIXIE FURRIERS IT'S A MERRY YULE, YOUALL. And headlines are heavy: HALTING OF MAKEUP DEMONSTRATION RAISES EYEBROWS IN MINNEAPOLIS. Still, beyond the bright and banal, Fairchild reports the news to the trades.

In *Women's Wear Daily*: Why the government's antitrust action against a recent Gimbel's merger has bombed; what the Old Garment Hands are saying about trade with Peiping (red light); why Mrs. Goldwater has switched to the eight-gore dress ("greater ease on public platforms"). In this daily's ample pages you can learn, too, why London, at least, is going for light shaping rather than "real fit," who's been promoted, what buyers have jetted aglow to Idlewild, why the Japanese raw silk market is in a bind, or how post-season sales are faring in Boston. You get what jolly well may be the first look—or hint—of spring's fashions for women: the cobweb tweed, taxicab hats, the Tom Jones night shirt, the Nureyev (sic) hairdo, and Chanel berets for deprived Chanel suits. Martin Godfried gives you a drama column beyond *How to Succeed.* Big companies tip you off to big promotions in big magazines, urging your tie-in. Tidy columnists close in on fashion celebrities; *you* feel better when *they* say it first. And you are informed, with a droll and arch absence of snicker, that the New York Supreme Court has refused to dismiss a suit brought by the Man in the Hathaway Suit seeking to halt use of his photo for advertising women's blouses.

Equally frothy, the men's-wear-pushing *Daily News Record* lists cash-register trends in designing, advertising, window display, modeling, promotion, and pitching. Why is the snap fastener tab collar in its latter day? Read us. Troubled by shoplifters? Here are clues. Troubled by textiles? Here you go; read our special textile supplement, and read it hard, for it may one day be another Fairchild publication on its own, and you won't have to bother with blue blazers in Hartford. And follow court news of bankruptcies and all the special litigations of brothers who make and sell clothes.

No newspaper wears thin. *Home Furnishings Daily* suggests that you sell draperies this spring with a hard-sell behind a friendly façade, tells why texture will dominate upholstery in March, why small store ads should be more daring than orthodox Big Guys' ads, and, incidentally, how they *can* be.

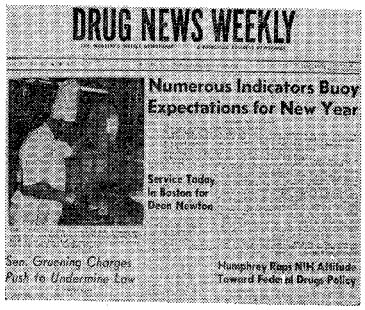
Aware of Medicare and related assaults, *Drug News Weekly* bats out the assurance that, rumors at Michael's Pub notwithstanding, Helene Curtis is *not* for sale, offers a six-point self-analysis for small retailers who want to be big ones, and informs you that registered pharmacist Hubert Humphrey may be Vice President by nomination.

Footwear News, not undone, cites exultation among Midwest bootsellers as they survey the snow drifts, advises on window dressing to lure prey, and tips you off that this spring it will be hand-sewn casuals. *Metalworking News* keeps you abreast of "chatter and vibrations" in machine tools, covers its own financial news from liquid assets to liquidations, and offers continuing profit guides to the national space program.

Strongest among Fairchild's weeklies, *Electronic News* keeps tabs for businessmen on radar, NASA, Friden, Tel. & Tel., electronic stock, and significant news of computers and automation. And all Fairchild papers report, with impressive depth, trends in pricing, costs, display, promotions, public relations,

(*Continued on page* 57)

The Weeklies



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REMEMBERING THE PRESIDENT

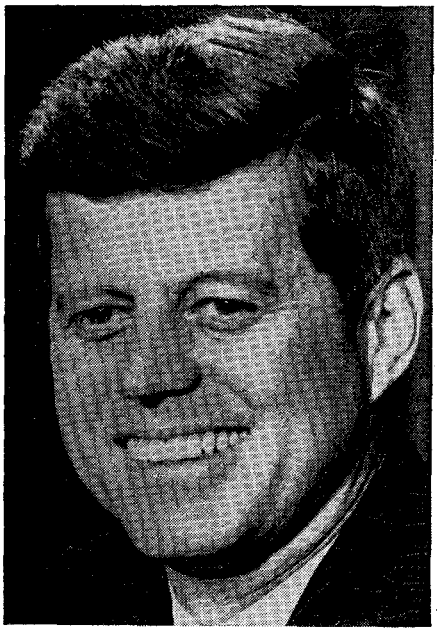
By JOHN TEBBEL

AFTER a President's death comes the flood tide of memorabilia, its scope and character determined by the stature of the man as much as by the shape of history. For sheer quantity, the memorializers of Abraham Lincoln have placed him far above the others; to the making of Lincoln books, there is apparently no end. Franklin D. Roosevelt's chroniclers have made him second choice, as the crowded shelves in the spacious library at Hyde Park amply testify.

Now a young President, whose term was brief, who did not occupy his office during wartime, and who had only begun to endure the public controversy that so enlarged the Lincoln and Roosevelt literature, has sadly come to occupy third place. The reason is not hard to determine. John F. Kennedy's assassination was perhaps the most dramatic event in American Presidential history since Booth shot Lincoln, and it came at a time when the mass media, both print and electronic, were reaching many more people than they ever had before.

In the outpouring of print, pictures, and sound that followed the assassination, easily the most spectacular publishing effort was *Life* magazine's Kennedy Memorial Issue. It emerged as a high-water mark in magazine-making. After completing a second re-run early in January, this special edition had reached an astonishing sale of just under 2,750,000, and only a publisher's decision to print no more ended it at that figure. No one knows, otherwise, how long it might have gone on selling. By mid-January it was a collector's item, the demand still so great that it was being scalped at more than twenty times the original price of 50 cents.

The story of the *Life* special edition is a case study in modern journalism, reminding veterans in the business how far and fast time and *Time* had flown in the past quarter-century or so. This special edition was a compound of the regular issues of November 29 and December 6 covering the tragic events in Dallas and Washington. The issue of November 29 had already closed on the previous Wednesday night and nearly 300,000 copies had been run when the shots heard round the world sounded in Dallas on Friday. By the time the presses were running again on Monday morning, the issue had thirty-seven entirely new pages of copy and pictures. Roger Staubach, the Navy's football hero, had vanished from the cover, along with a pleasant but trivial lead piece about debutante parties in Philadelphia. Included were not only the grim assassination pictures, but also the unforgettable shots of Lee Oswald's murder taken by Dallas newspaper photographers only the day before.



President Kennedy—in memorabilia, already in third place.

FOR the issue of December 6 *Life* had superb picture coverage of the funeral in Washington by its own people, plus whatever new pictorial assets it had acquired in the meantime. The press run for this issue, for single-copy sales, was raised to 1,100,000 (it had been 700,000 for the previous issue).

While that edition was still on the stands, a staff under the direction of Phil Wootton, in charge of the magazine's Special Projects department, began to assemble the special Memorial Issue, which went on sale December 9. Its eighty-four pages contained not only the best material from the two previous issues, but also a *Life* exclusive—color pictures of the assassination acquired from an amateur for a reputed price of $25,000.

The sales result was overwhelming. Newsdealers barely had time to get their quota on the stands before the magazines were gone. Selling through direct mail, *Life* was inundated by orders. Lines formed in the Time Inc. reception center on the ground floor of its Sixth Avenue building to buy the copies placed on sale there, and in the line were some familiar faces: newsdealers posing as ordinary customers to get an extra quota. Personnel on the several floors occupied by Time Inc.'s complex could not keep their own copies unless they were hidden. Stealing Memorial Issues became an artful occupation, and stories circulated of determined citizens slipping in from the streets to take copies off desks.

Nothing like it had been seen in magazine history, not even in *Life's* own. Previous *Life* special editions—the Hungarian revolt and the Kennedy inauguration had been high-selling examples—circulated no more than 200,000. Nor was this a profit-making venture. The issue had been priced close to cost, and it was announced that any profit would be turned over to a charity designated by the Kennedy family. A small profit had been earned by mid-January, but the Kennedys had not yet chosen a charity to benefit from it.

Only slightly less remarkable in its sales history was the magazine-book published by *American Heritage*, titled *Four Days*, subtitled "The Historical Record of the Death of President Kennedy." In its short lifetime, the *American Heritage* organization had already compiled one of the most amazing records in publishing history with its hard-cover magazine and a long list of books emanating from it, distributed through regular book trade channels. But *Four Days*, published at $2, was to set a new record of 1,500,000 copies sold by the middle of January, when it was still selling at a brisk rate.

A sales record was not the book's only distinction. It had been put together in exactly twenty-two days from idea to bound copies, as a joint venture with United Press International. Its 144 pages contained a running narrative compiled from UPI coverage, with a special introduction for each day and a general introduction by Bruce Catton, the Civil War historian. The format was the same as that of *American Heritage* itself, and UPI's pictures were balanced with text written by *Heritage's* editors.

Four Days was sold primarily by mail through UPI's member papers, many of

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which grossly underestimated its potential at the beginning. One newspaper ordered fifty copies but complained it expected to sell no more than twenty-five. Its next order was for 1,000 copies. Sales of 10,000 by a single paper were not uncommon. *American Heritage* also sold the book through its own organization, and in February, Simon & Schuster, the house that has worked most closely with *Heritage* through its interlocking affiliates, was to have a regular hard-cover edition in the bookstores, with a proper jacket and selling for $2.95.

Like the *Life* special, *Four Days* had its special distinctions. Published as a book, it sold more than 1,000 copies without a single review. Many people who bought copies sent in checks for a dozen or more additional ones to be given to friends, relatives, or their children. Public figures like Adlai Stevenson wrote enthusiastic letters of commendation to the publisher.

While *American Heritage* plans to keep the book in print as long as it keeps on selling (unlike *Life*), there is already such a shortage that it is hard to acquire a copy. A shipment of 200 copies arriving in the magazine's mail room early in January was bought (yes, *bought*) by Heritage's own staff in less than an hour.

BOTH UPI and the Associated Press have found themselves in the publishing business with other Kennedy memorabilia. UPI published a complimentary paperbound compilation of front pages from ninety-one client newspapers (reduced in size to 8½ by 11)—a fascinating professional study in how and how not to make up a page. (The standout was easily the New York *Journal-American*'s, with the stamp of John Denson clearly upon it, in which a stunning overhead shot of the coffin in the rotunda at the solemn moment when Mrs. Kennedy and her daughter knelt beside it during the ceremony, occupied all the front page except for a few italic cutlines at the bottom. The paper's name was overprinted at the top, and beneath it, also overprinted, one title line: "The Nation Stood Still.")

The Associated Press published, primarily for its members, a compilation of text and pictures called *The Torch Is Passed* and announced that its first press run would be nearly 1,000,000 copies. Keith Fuller, general executive in charge of AP Newsfeatures, was supervising editor for this project, which he observed had attracted the cooperation of twice as many AP members as any previous joint venture.

Like everyone else involved in Kennedy memorabilia, the AP underestimated demand for its product. Only eight days after the book was announced, orders were running ten times higher than the original press run; some individual orders were as high as 50,000. Four AP writers (Saul Pett, Hugh Mulligan, Tom Henshaw, and Sid Moody) wrote the 35,000-word text, which comprised a running narrative drawn from the work of several hundred staffers who covered the events. Eighty photographs were chosen for illustration, including four-color portraits of the President and his wife, done by Karsh. The book's title was derived, as most readers were quick to recognize, from a phrase in the inaugural address.

Other phrases from the Kennedy literature were memorialized in sound as the recording industry hurried to join the parade. At least one of the albums it produced must have rested beneath 1,000,000 Christmas trees. By the year's end, the seven leading memorial albums had sold about 5,000,000 copies—probably more, since the record companies are notoriously reluctant to provide reliable sales figures. Two of these albums were on the market within a week of the assassination.

By far the best seller among the records has been Premier Albums' *John Fitzgerald Kennedy: A Memorial Album*. Priced at $1, it had sold a reputed 4,000,000 copies as of January 1, including 50,000 in Dallas. One reason for its outstanding sale, company officials said, was the fact that it was the only one among its competitors to contain several of the President's major addresses uncut.

Some of the companies retailing Kennedy recordings were obviously in a field rather strange to them. *John Fitzgerald Kennedy, 1917-1963* was published by the Synthetic Plastics Company of Newark. The contents of this album—excerpts from speeches on one side, reactions to the assassination on the flip side—was not unlike that of a rival album, *A Profile of Courage*, produced by Documentary Unlimited.

The competition among the companies making Kennedy albums was soon as cutthroat as it normally is in the record business, and the inevitable lawsuits were filed, claiming infringement. Premier obtained a temporary restraining order against three California companies, and there were suits and threats of suits in other quarters.

Only one album was not a compilation of Kennedy speeches. Decca reproduced the splendid memorial program done by the cast of *That Was the Week That Was*, the BBC's late satirical show, which was written and rehearsed in the brief interval between Friday afternoon and Saturday night, allowing five hours for the time difference between New York and London. NBC broadcast the show in this country. Although Decca's reproduction of it was the most expensive of all the Kennedy albums, at $3.50 and $4.50, it had sold more than 250,000 by the end of the year.

Putting a better face on their competitive warfare, the seven companies producing Kennedy albums announced they would give at least a part of their profits to charity.

While sale of these records might be relatively short-lived, and the demand for *Life*'s special edition and the *American Heritage* book would undoubtedly diminish before long, there was no sign as the new year began that the end of Kennedy memorabilia was anywhere in sight as the book publishers, who must necessarily take a longer time to produce, announced volumes that will emerge at intervals during the next six months.

Harper & Row, the President's publishers, had three in preparation: *The Burden and The Glory*, a book of speeches made during the past two years, edited by Allan Nevins; another Kennedy work, an expansion of a pamphlet titled *A Nation of Immigrants*, first published by the Anti-Defamation League, the new version of which the President was working on when he died; and a memorial edition of *Profiles In Courage*, which had climbed back to the top of the best-seller list as soon as Harper could replenish its stock after the assassination.

Jim Bishop, the writer who specializes in minute-by-minute accounts of historic events, has two entries in the field of memorabilia, by melancholy coincidence. In March, Random House will publish his *A Day In The Life of President Kennedy*, which was written before Mr. Kennedy's death, and he is at work now on *The Day Kennedy Was Shot*, a treatment he also gave to the assassination of Lincoln.

THERE is a suggestion of the kind of bypath-wandering that has characterized the proliferating Lincoln library in the titles of other forthcoming Kennedy books. In April, photographer Mark Shaw's *The John F. Kennedys: A Photographic Album*, will appear under the Farrar, Straus imprint, and a few weeks earlier, in March, World will bring out Harry Golden's *Mr. Kennedy and The Negroes*. Even more remote is *The Founding Father*, a biography of Joseph P. Kennedy, by Richard J. Whalen, which New American Library will publish in May.

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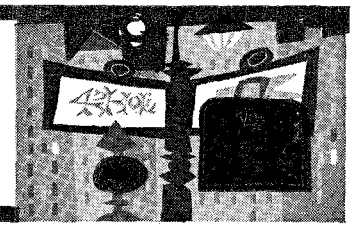
Madison Avenue



Economic Repercussions

MADISON AVENUE has been evincing a growing desire to define more specifically the role of advertising in the economy. Prominent admen have reasoned that the field of advertising would not be so widely assailed if the public understood its importance as an economic stimulant. Thus a number of admen have been trying, in their public utterances, to outline the ways in which advertising contributes to the nation's economic health.

Unfortunately, in making their case, they have done what admen all too often do—namely, oversold their product. The extravagant economic claims that have been made for advertising have caused many an economist and businessman to wince and, more recently, have been brought some words of dissent from federal regulators.

Some of the economic defenses advanced by the advertising community have run as follows:

1. Advertising facilitates mass consumption and thus mass production. This argument was stated most unabashedly not long ago by Norman Strouse, president of the nation's largest agency, J. Walter Thompson, who noted: "Without mass selling through advertising, mass production and mass consumption would not be feasible. This is a simple rationale for advertising, and one which it should be possible to communicate to others in all walks of life."

Mr. Strouse's rationale rests, of course, on some serious oversimplifications. For one thing, many mass production industries such as steel and chemicals have traditionally done relatively little advertising—yet they remained mass production industries. Indeed, as Professor Harry G. Johnson of the University of Chicago has pointed out, the economy was headed for mass production and mass consumption "well before the advent of modern advertising as we know it."

Even today, many economists would point out that the continuance of a "mass consumption economy" would depend on a wide variety of factors—such as the distribution of income—that are far more basic than advertising.

2. Advertising lowers prices. This increasingly seems to be a favorite argument among admen. The National Association of Tobacco Distributors not long ago approved a resolution praising advertising for lowering the prices of cigarettes by opening up wider markets.

The trouble with this argument is that it ignores the basic aim of advertising—to build brand loyalty that will withstand price competition. Any supermarket shopper knows that the nationally advertised brands almost always carry higher price tags than do non-advertised, private-label goods. Neil Borden of the Harvard Business School noted many years ago in *The Economic Effects of Advertising* that advertising tends to cause price rigidity even in periods of general price decline.

3. Advertising encourages competition. In a recent talk, Howard Morgens, president of Procter & Gamble, argued that advertising provides the mechanism whereby all companies can compete for consumer approval in the market place—indeed, that advertising "forces competition." Moreover, he said, advertising, by encouraging manufacturers to take their case before the public, indirectly stimulates product improvements.

Mr. Morgens's ideas about competition received a setback recently when the Federal Trade Commission ordered P&G to sell the Clorox Chemical Company, which it had acquired for $30,000,000 in order to enter the liquid household bleach business.

The basic reason advanced by the FTC was a fascinating one—namely, that P&G, using the mechanism of advertising, would monopolize the bleach market. Advertising, said the FTC, would enable P&G to kill competition in the bleach business—a contention that obviously ran counter to Mr. Morgens's economic theories.

When P&G bought Clorox, said the FTC, Clorox accounted for 48.8 per cent of the bleach market, with Purex a distant second with 15.7 per cent. A multiplicity of local and regional bleach companies also were in the market with brands that sold at prices well below those of Clorox.

Under the aegis of P&G, said the FTC, Clorox could now establish total dominance in the market by calling on advertising resources that would be unavailable to competitors.

One such resource involved discounts extended by the advertising media to their best customers—such as P&G. Thanks to these discounts, Clorox, as part of P&G, could obtain nearly one-third more advertising on television for the same expenditure of money. Discounts of similar magnitude extended by national magazines also would permit Clorox to get greater use from its advertising dollars.

There were other advantages as well. Clorox, as part of P&G, could obtain superior time periods for its TV ads, according to the FTC. If regional competition in any part of the nation became especially intense, Clorox ads could, on short notice, be substituted for those of any other P&G product, thus permitting extraordinary flexibility of marketing strategy.

In ordering P&G to sell Clorox, the FTC was careful to avoid a blanket indictment of advertising. Advertising performs a useful service to advertisers in helping them sell their goods, the Commission noted.

BUT in industries like household bleach, where oligopolistic tendencies already are apparent and where product distinctions are minor, the FTC held that advertising can provide a powerful force toward further economic concentration.

In bleaches, the FTC said, cheapness and availability are the only real reasons for preferring one brand to another. "Under such conditions," the FTC said, "advertising does not in any meaningful sense serve to broaden the consumer's range of product alternatives. . . . Price competition, beneficial to the consumer, gives way to brand

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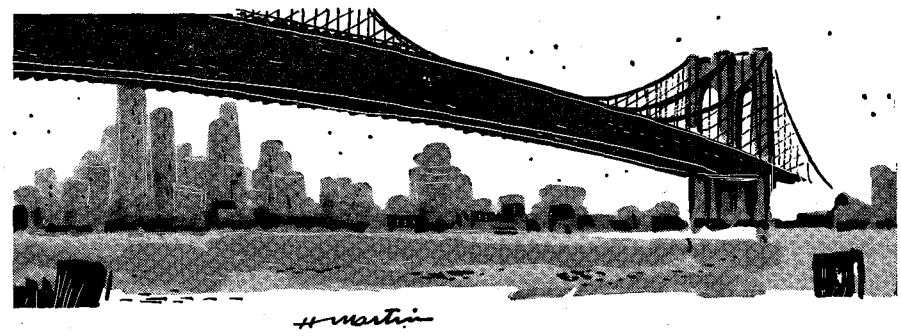

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They Couldn't Resist the Title

By RALPH SCHOENSTEIN

TWO YEARS AGO, movie producer Joseph E. Levine bought the rights to a book called *Sodom and Gomorrah*. When asked why he'd paid for a story that had been in the public domain for 5,000 years, he explained, "I just couldn't resist the title." I know exactly how he felt, for many irresistible titles have come from the Bible. Can we ever forget *Dear Ruth* or *Mary, Mary*? Moreover, Levine needn't have felt guilty about his sacred purchase, for he'd joined a respectable artistic trend: paying for tales that belong to us all, tales that can be had for the price of a trip to a college or a newspaper. Leading this trend is my own uncle, a network producer who just made a six-figure deal that will let him do an adventure series called *Library of Congress*. He originally wanted the rights to the reference room of the museum of Natural History, but he soured on the deal when too much information was just *given* to him.

My uncle isn't the only producer who knows that free material doesn't come cheaply. Last year, the American Broadcasting Company paid a big sum for a book called *The Making of the President*. In other words, it bought the 1960 election. Meanwhile, Dino Di Laurentis took an option on the Old Testament, which became an available property when Cecil B. DeMille's copyright expired. (I presume that Di Laurentis will pay Mr. Levine for every mention of sodomy.) And a Philadelphia producer just bought *The Guns of August*, so he now owns the first month of World War I. But don't be discouraged, for several good months of this war are still unsold, just as several good elections and letters of Paul are also up for grabs. Admittedly, the bidding on November 1918 is high; but June 1917 is a rare bargain, and so is February 1916 because leap year gives you an extra day.

An imaginative producer would be wise also to look back to the Civil War, which is still available in many attractive packages, though Hollywood has started to buy up this one, too. Columbia Pictures already owns *Andersonville*, a piece of history for which MacKinlay Kantor was paid handsomely; and a New York man has copyrighted the title *Gettysburg* because he thinks the story of the battle and/or the address would make a fine movie. However, he says that anyone who wants to produce this movie can buy the rights to *Gettysburg* for a mere $1,000 dollars since he's selling no event with it, just an index listing: For more information on the Civil War market, call Bruce Catton's agent or Ulysses Grant III.

If you can't find a reasonably priced hunk of war, you can always buy a catastrophe. You probably couldn't afford the assassination of Kennedy, which Jim Bishop will sell this year, but you might get a good buy on something a little older, something like George Waller's kidnapping of the Lindbergh baby or Walter Lord's sinking of the *Titanic*. Reportedly, Lord is cutting the price on his bombing of Pearl Harbor, so you've got a buyer's market here; and another buyer's market is the Profumo scandal, which seven people have already copyrighted. If you can't find a negotiable disaster, all you need do to join this fad is buy a state, for the rights game is now so popular that a food company actually bought the name Oklahoma from Richard Rodgers. The company paid him for the right to sell such legally protected products as "Oklahoma corn" and "Oklahoma tomatoes."

Inspired by this deal, I tried to sell Washington to a company that made lie detectors. "It's a name that'll spell truth to every customer," I told the firm's lawyer. "You can have it for ten thousand—but that's the *state*, not D.C.; D.C. comes higher."

"I'd be *crazy* to pay you ten thousand for that," he said. "Any time we want Washington, the Douglas Southall Freeman estate will give it to us for *five*."

But his rebuff didn't stop me, for now I knew there was a fortune to be made in the buying and selling of free properties; and I took heart from the stirring words of Henry Clay's mother: "I'd rather have rights than Presidents." At once, I formed a dummy Swiss company to film *The Big Beginning*, an updated version of the creation, with music by Stephen Foster and additional dialogue from the first twelve books of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. Excitedly, I called my agent.

"Max," I said, "who's got the rights to the creation?"

"I don't know," he said, "but it's one hot property. You want it?"

"Just the first two or three days."

"Well, I think George Stevens gave William Morris an option on *Exodus*, and Ray Stark is bidding on *Numbers*, but *Genesis* is still anybody's baby—and *what* a baby! If you grab it, you not only got your creation, but a whole *package*: Abraham, the flood bit, Jacob wrestling with the angel—that could be a CBS Sports Spectacular—and even Joseph. And I tell ya: that Joseph story would cost *plenty* if you had to buy it from the Thomas Mann estate. Yes sir, *Genesis* is one sweet property. It's even used as a religious thing."

"Then you think I should call the cardinal?"

"No, call Disney first; he did a version that's now on a re-release. See if he gave the rights back to God."

"Well, I think I'd like to avoid religion and take a scientific approach. Maybe I should talk to Darwin's grandson."

"Forget it. He'll sell you the first 50,000,000 years for a song, but the price really shoots up in the Cenozoic. There's a terrific wave of nostalgia right now."

"Why should they be the only ones with a bomb?"

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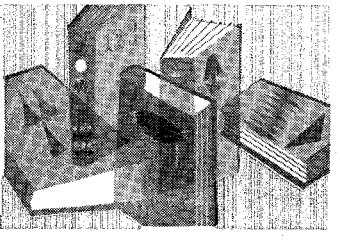
Books in Communications



Looking Backward

SOONER or later, it seems, nearly every newspaperman is inspired to try his hand at writing a volume of memoirs. And this is no doubt as it should be. After all, newspapermen have—if they want it—as close a view of things as any man could ask, and even the worst of their memoirs can be counted on for an occasional glimpse into some secret place of history, for anecdotes that no one else could have told. Show me a newspaperman and I'll show you a memory full of surprises.

But such memoirs are characteristically a strange breed of book. A man accustomed to the unruly bursts and yelps of daily journalism, where the clock and the deadline are his lifelong enemies, may find himself unnerved by a whole ream of blank paper and a calendarful of days to fill it in. The result, more often than not, is a book that rambles, clears its throat, giggles self-consciously, and too rarely settles down to do what a newspaperman can do best: tell a story.

This is in part the case with Stanley Woodward's *Paper Tiger* (Atheneum, $4.95), a reminiscence by the man who helped shape the sports department of the New York *Herald Tribune* from 1930 until his retirement in 1962. First as a sports reporter and later as sports editor, Woodward showed himself to be as resourceful as they come. In his love affair with sports, he wrote entertainingly about players great and unknown, strengthened the *Trib*'s coverage by dispatching reporters all over the country, and even found time to coin the phrase "Ivy League":

> I have been credited with inventing the name "Ivy League" but actually [Cas] Adams suggested it. We were sitting around the office one day when Adams started talking about the Ivy colleges. I immediately stole the term and converted it into Ivy League, meaning a rather indefinite group of polite universities of the east. It wasn't formulated into an actual league until many years afterward.

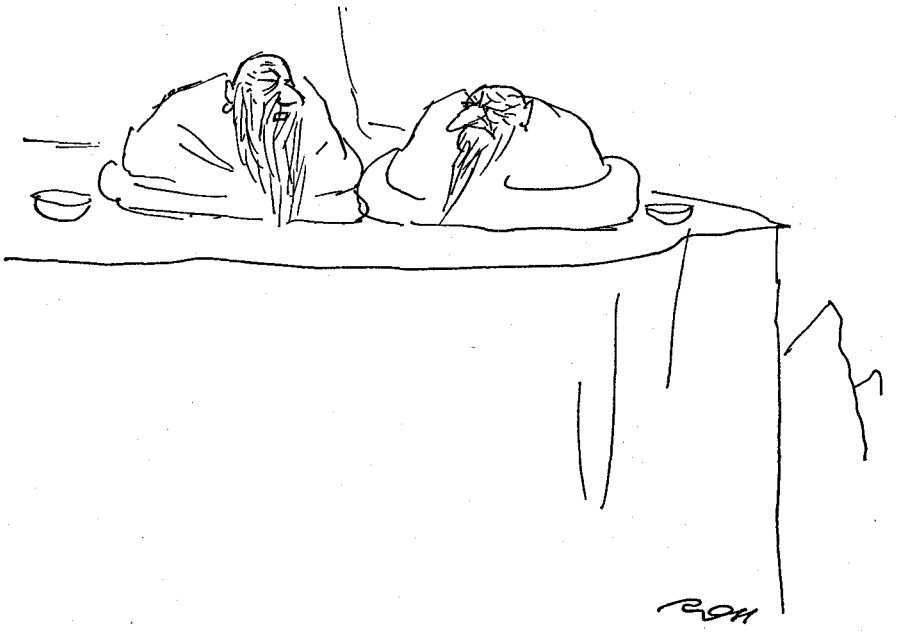
Woodward chortles over memories of making book on the papal election of 1939 and of the office "Ghoul Pool," a list of 100 men over seventy-five years old; you bought a name for a dollar and, if your man died first, you won the $100 pot. "This was quite popular for a time but was discontinued," writes Woodward, "because it horrified Mrs. Reid, the mother superior."

But for all its anecdotal fun, *Paper Tiger* is flawed by its quixotic organization, which is hung loosely on the bones of chronology but shifts back and forth until the reader's mind begins to feel like a yo-yo. It's a tale that deserved telling, but the author would perhaps have done well to consider the practice he followed in his early days on the Boston *Herald*: "I always revised the pages two, three, or more times."

Roughly the same span of years is covered in another newspaperman's memoirs, *James Drawbell* by James Drawbell (Pantheon, $5.95), the story of a Scotsman who came to New York in the Twenties to struggle at learning his trade and then returned to find success in London. But Drawbell's is a radically different sort of book. Tightly structured, closely reasoned, and philosophical, it emphasizes not so much events themselves as what they meant to one observer. There is, for example, his encounter with F. Scott Fitzgerald one night in a speakeasy. Fitzgerald is drawn to the newspaperman, disentangles himself from the people he is with, and the novelist and Drawbell spend part of the evening alone, talking and drinking. But Drawbell, in retrospect at any rate, isn't fooled: "The bottle was finished. He had emptied it, and a bit of himself had spilled over into my room. I had been an outlet for him. He had picked me up and used me. In the company he ran with, there must have been few opportunities for confession, and the Catholic Church he had deserted was no longer the open door for his hungry heart."

Or Drawbell can be remarkably direct, refreshingly free of hocus-pocus, in describing the dark mysteries of the newspaper business: "It is not by accident that one newspaper will have a million more readers than a competitor, and certainly not by accident that a paper dies. Whenever there is public lamentation over the death of a newspaper . . ., the tears can be saved. There is no mystery. No grievous social injustice is being inflicted on anyone. It died because it was not good enough for public support."

As editor of the London *Sunday Chronicle*, Drawbell was able to attract such contributors as John Buchan, J. B. Priestley, Dorothy Thompson, John Gunther, Sinclair Lewis, H. G. Wells, George Bernard Shaw, Havelock Ellis, and Albert Einstein. His book tells how he did it, and it tells, too, what it was like to be a newspaperman in New York and London in a time that is now only memory in the minds of aging men. But its essential value lies not so much in these things as in its startling honesty about men—including the author—and their motives. It is one of those rare books that somehow fuses reading and living. —JAMES F. FIXX.



"The hell you're a hundred and forty-seven years old!"

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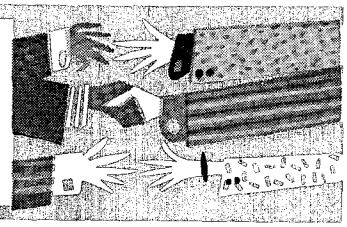
Public Relations



Taking the Cages Down

STIFFER COMPETITION, combined with the realization that bankers could not continue to face the public in starched collars, has meant more emphasis on public relations in commercial banking. In most banks, the cages were taken down a long time ago. The importance of the small customer has speeded the trend toward taking the cold look out of the banker's eye, and methods are being developed to enhance the banks' reputation for approachability.

One successful instrument of public relations for banks is the monthly letter to customers and would-be customers. The American Bankers Association estimates that some eighty-six bank letters are now being published. They vary from Chase Manhattan's bimonthly *Business in Brief* to Seattle-First National Bank's quarterly, from mimeographed occasional letters to regular monthly letters.

In the monthly field there is wide variation. Valley National Bank of Phoenix publishes *Arizona Progress*, whose cover page is a humorous commentary (the rest of the letter deals with Arizona's economic conditions). The Royal Bank of Canada's letter does not even deal with economic subjects, but ranges from adult education to essays on good reading. The Morgan Guarantee Trust Company of New York's *Survey* is widely respected, and the First National Bank of Chicago also has a business and economic review.

But the oldest bank letter on this continent, and probably the first in the world, is the First National City Bank's *Monthly Economic Letter*, which celebrated its sixtieth anniversary last month. It was in January 1904 that Frank A. Vanderlip, formerly Assistant Secretary of the Treasury and later the bank's president, wrote and issued a four-page letter on "United States Securities and Government Finance." The letter went to 4,000 national banks in the country.

In 1914 FNC's letter was broadened to cover the general economic scene, and it has continued to cover the field since. Furthermore, it has grown enormously, circulation figures show. In June 1948 the bank printed more than 150,000 copies; in January 1954, more than 220,000; and in June 1955, nearly 250,000 copies—in 116 countries. The January 1964 letter's print order was 347,000 copies, representing a more than 50 per cent increase in the last ten years.

A one-man job in 1904, the letter is now prepared by the staff of First National City's economics department, which has from thirty-five to forty people, including typists, messengers, and a vice-president. Almost all of them are involved in the monthly letter at some stage. Probably a third of the economics department's time is spent directly on the letter. Articles in the letter are written by staff economists and reviewed by other economists. It is a group job.

The First National City Bank's letter is now published in four languages in four cities, but the text and the charts used in each edition are essentially the same. On occasion, some material has to be cut in one of the translated versions to make it fit the available space, but no cuts are made for policy reasons. The translation into Spanish started in January 1919; some 7,000 copies are now printed in New York, most of which are shipped in bulk to bank branches in the Caribbean area.

In October 1943 the Argentine edition, in Spanish, had a print order of 2,000. The letter, which now has a print order of 7,000, is specially translated and printed in Buenos Aires. In July 1943 a Portuguese edition started—translated and printed in Rio de Janeiro. Some 3,700 copies are now distributed every month through Brazilian branches of the bank.

There is also a French edition, translated and printed in Paris, with 8,000 copies distributed. In addition, some 5,000 letters are distributed in Canada in English; and another 27,500, printed on lightweight paper in English, are shipped by air freight to overseas branches of the bank.

The letter has long been available for use in courses on economics, money, and banking in schools and colleges. At present, bulk mailings total nearly 40,000 copies.

One of the unusual aspects of the First National City Bank letter is its frequent controversiality. It takes stands on issues that on occasion have meant strong objections from readers, many of whom were bank customers. But the management of the bank wants it that way. In fact, each issue is read in galley by the president and chairman of the bank, but they seldom make changes. When readers complain, top management always backs the editors. Controversy, they are aware, helps produce a more readable letter.

Between 50 and 100 letters of comment and criticism arrive a month, along with between 100 and 200 requests for information on material that has been published in the letter.

The letter is obviously expensive, even though no cost figures are available. (Almost everyone working on the letter has other duties besides.) Some half-dozen people in the public relations department handle printing and distribution and maintain mailing lists. All these additional functions are charged to the departmental budget.

ONE proof of the letter's value to First National City Bank is that so many other banks have followed suit. While PR values can never be exactly measured, one thing stands out: First National City Bank has no other PR tool of more worth than this letter. Not only do present and potential customers get it directly, but it is also widely used by the financial press. In fact, about 2,200 copies of a special advance press edition of the letter are sent by messenger and air mail to leading publications. The publicity that results from these efforts is excellent for the bank.

—L. L. L. GOLDEN.

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Letters to the Communications Editor

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television news services covering conventions of the National Association of Manufacturers, the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, or the American Farm Bureau Federation go much beyond routine reporting. When is the last time you read a news analysis about the economic thinking of the Farm Bureau Federation, or heard a really objective TV report on the economic philoso-

phy of the NAM's Congress of American Industry? Equal treatment, it seems to me, is much to be desired.

One effective way in which the AFL-CIO has tried to tell the story of what it *is* doing and what it *is* thinking—rather than what it "should" be doing or what it "should" be thinking—is the special supplement to the *New York Times* of Sunday, November 17. This forty-four-page tabloid document seems to me a most useful compendium of material about what the unions think and what they really want. It is self-serving (what supplement to the *New York Times* doesn't come in that category?), but it is also straightforward and factual, and thus serves a most useful purpose.

HENRY C. FLEISHER.

Washington, D.C.

The Negro, Cast and Miscast

IN HIS LETTER to the communications editor, Michael Scott [*SR*, Jan 11] treats the casting of Negroes in commercials and in Shakespeare as a sociological problem. Though Americans should be aware of the authenticity of the Negro doctor, judge, and engineer when seeing them in advertisements, the casting of great drama is a very different question.

Many people either see the productions of great plays as attempts to recapture the period of the dramatist, or they feel that there is an ideal interpretation that all productions should attempt to capture. Most of us realize that the tradition-bound productions of the Comédie Française are nice museums for Molière that approach his plays only as dusty, old relics. Any creative director can freshen traditional dramas with innovations. Such directors will also see many interpretations possible within the play's framework.

These, I think, are the crucial questions in casting Negroes in Shakespeare; they are not sociological so much as esthetic. Are productions of Shakespeare merely attempts to recapture the Elizabethan productions? Are they neoclassic attempts to approach the ideal production that the Western world has held as a criterion of theatre since the seventeenth century?

The alternative, of course, is that Shakespeare is limited only by the creativity of directors and actors who produce his plays. The casting of a Negro, then, is exploration of the play's potential. Because there are an increasing number of Negro actors, imaginative directors will use them to give us new insights into Shakespeare's genius.

Innovations in interpretation will always frighten those who feel they know what the "right" production should look like.

DONALD VANOUSE.

Cleveland, O.

ISOLATING for the sake of discussion the emotionally-charged abstraction of "rights," we can all agree on one fact—the Negro in this nation is an American citizen. It is also a fact that the Negro's skin is black.

No reasonable person demands that the white race be driven to ease the discomfort of some guilt complex (born of more deeply seated psychic construction than the color of skin) by indulging in the insane excess of rewriting natural history and biology—to say nothing of Shakespeare. Lady Macbeth was an English queen. All English queens have been white. The heroine of Puccini's *Madame Butterfly* was a lovely, slant-eyed Japanese. Mr. Scott refers to blackface for white actors playing Othello. On the basis of equality and authenticity, may we then expect a Negro artist to perform in whiteface or slant eyes when required?

None can argue against the casting of fine Negro artists in roles depicting with integrity the Negro doctor, teacher, laborer, mother. But to cast a Negro as Jesse James, or a Negress as Catherine of Russia, is as ludicrous as casting a white man as Porgy, or a white female singer to do the life story of Ethel Waters. True Negro artists do not choose to renounce their individuality. The laws of reason and reality hold us all, inescapably.

Those who try to pervert and sublimate the essence of the play and the role in it to satisfy a silent, defiant compulsion to express aggrieved Negro equality will prove their immaturity and do themselves harm. To reduce the performing arts on television to the level of such a sideshow will be a senseless waste. The denial of authenticity and respect for the integrity of art will devaluate creativity, the artist, his work, and the performers themselves.

L. J. RAABE.

North Miami, Fla.

Advertising—and Humor

PETER BART'S discussion of humor in advertising, or more specifically the dreadful lack of it [*SR*, Jan. 11], was excellent and could prove desirably therapeutic if taken seriously. His view, however, leaves out of consideration a very small but highly significant segment of Madison Avenue—that which appeals to the intellect rather than to the emotions. And, of this segment there is, I believe, no better example than the campaign pursued by the Container Corporation of America. It is superior and significant, I suggest, because it neither panders to nor assaults the public taste.

JOHN A. HANNUM.

Washington, Mich.

Madison Avenue

Continued from page 52

competition beneficial only to the seller."

The FTC decision predictably raised the hackles of the advertising fraternity—especially at P&G. But, despite such indignation, the Clorox case might serve as a useful long-range reminder to admen and, indeed, to businessmen in general.

Advertising, they would do well to remember, is not a simple, easily discernible force whose effects can be conveniently stereotyped. Its repercussions may vary according to conditions in individual markets.

THUS, in defending their trade, admen might do well to rely on the one argument that no one can refute—namely, that advertising is simply a vital and useful tool of business. In a free economy, businessmen must sell their goods, and advertising usually provides the most effective means of doing so on a mass level. Anyone who believes in free enterprise, as most Americans do, must surely sympathize with the businessman's right to use the most effective weapons at his disposal.

To be sure, prices in some cases will be raised, in others lowered. Competition will in some cases be heightened, in others lessened. It is the task of a vigilant government and a wary consumer to police businessmen's use of advertising, as happened in the Clorox case.

And it is the task of the advertising man to acknowledge that his craft is not an unmitigated social and economic blessing. Advertising, like free enterprise, is an imperfect mechanism. But it is one of the least imperfect mechanisms at our disposal. —PETER BART.

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Fairchild

Continued from page 49

tie-in advertising, calendars of events, and inside chatter. All papers are prefaced with a news index that not only tells busy people what's important in neat capsule summaries, but on what page you can get the full scoop.

In all of its publications, Fairchild's advertising ratio (principally makers trying to woo sellers) runs 60-to-40. But Fairchild will run 70 per cent news if the occasion demands. Its seasonal supplements are surprising. *Home Furnishings* published 110 Yule pages (the Fairchild average is about thirty-eight per issue) with stunning offset and full-color letterpress inserts. *Supermarket News* recently ran an offset insert for Kraft in the form of a shopping bag bearing glad tidings that a great good cheese would be advertising in great good magazines and on TV—extremely effective. Fairchild's coverage of industry-wide events—like the New York Retail Merchants' recent convention at the Statler-Hilton—is old-fashioned depth coverage; you can hear every buyer breathe, you suspect with much evidence which way he—or she—is likely to go.

For a special trade event—like the recent Chicago Home Furnishings Show—Fairchild will make a formidable extra run. To Chicago from Twelfth Street over a two-week period went 90,000 extra copies, 60,000 by mail. And to make its points, Fairchild takes no chances, not even with usually dependable Uncle Sam. Its rotary press belts the newspapers right through the ceiling to a mail room that sends its own trucks to the airports.

Bearing down in a more lasting way, Fairchild also provides special books and services in the central fields of business. Services include buyers' guides, with complete listings; *ad hoc* fashion releases to mass media for consumer edification; a direct inquiry department (Who buys girdles in Hackensack?), and a department of market research reporting statistics and trends. Fairchild books include: *The A & P Way, How to Promote an Infants' & Children's Wear Store, How to Give a Fashion Show,* and—returning to Fairchild's heart-line pursuit—*Clinching Retail Sales.*

For a newsman conditioned to distinctions between reported fact and stated opinion, two things stand out about Fairchild publications—all of them. The first is the absence of editorials pleading causes. The second is the astonishing absence of puffs in newspapers that serve America's puffiest businesses. It is clear that in the very selection of news, in the juxtaposition of news stories, and in the headlining and editing of news Fairchild's editors impose their judgments on what happens; they know they do, and every editor knows that he does. But a knowledgeable reading of Fairchild's eight papers and magazine supports the public-relations sort of idea that its editors entertain more than an organization man's reverence for that company ceiling motto: "Our Salvation Depends Upon Our Printing the News." The edict, of course, is founder E. W. Fairchild's, in the compelling tradition of improbable Yankee pieties. But in the equally Yankee fusion of self-interest and principle, E. W. Fairchild knew what every newspaper equal to its circulation must do: report what happens *because* it happens, in the knowledge that intelligent men must act on what happens if they are to function rationally and productively. And the heirs of E. W. Fairchild seem to know that once a newspaper's objectivity is questioned it begins to die. Fairchild describes itself as a complex of "news publications rather than journals of opinion." Its performance supports its principles.

ANXIOUS to nail down this point, the publisher of *Women's Wear Daily* wraps it up in the masthead: "All signed articles published in this newspaper," he insists in that all-too-permanent agate type, "represent solely the individual opinion of the writer and not those of *Women's Wear Daily.*"

Says Harry E. Resseguie, retired chief of Fairchild's Washington Bureau: "No Fairchild publication ever attempts to pull chestnuts out of the fire for any industry it serves, to lobby for it, or to become its public defender. It is assumed that the capable individuals who comprise these industries are competent to take care of these matters for themselves." Fairchild has no black list of unmentionable, offending advertisers. Mr. Resseguie insists; refuses to slant stories to please its publishers; and excludes "business office musts" to milk-feed fat cats. And any desk man purged by his ad office's insistence that stories of airline crashes may *not* appear on pages with airline ads must be at least interested by Fairchild's official insistence that its editors never know what ads will be on what pages with what news.

"The only instructions ever issued to a reporter," Resseguie adds, "are to do the best job possible in digging up news and writing it. . . . The fact that a firm is an advertiser in one or more of the Fairchild publications gives it no special privileges in the news columns, either in getting publicity in or keeping news out. . . . We are more interested in the reader [the subscribing retailer] than in the advertiser [chiefly, the manufacturer]." Brackets mine.

Given this equation of Fairchild virtue with Fairchild necessity, how much trouble does Fairchild borrow with its policy of straight news reporting? Aren't lots of people sad when some people are glad with the way things are? Inevitably, says Fairchild. Accounts cancel contracts over a Fairchild story—and apparently important accounts, sometimes for years—forbidding their people even to talk with Fairchild. But Fairchild says it gets them back, principally, the papers suggest, because they need Fairchild more than Fairchild needs them. This is what its policies add up to: playing it straight, a friend to all and none, building credentials on the ability to reach people who must be reached, with or without top honors in popularity contests.

"Now that we've assumed the lotus position, let us meditate on the deep, delicious, satisfying, flavor of Burpee's clam chowder."

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Baldwin

Continued from page 17

stable under heaven. One cannot possibly build a school, teach a child, or drive a car without taking some things for granted. The artist cannot and must not take anything for granted, but must drive to the heart of every answer and expose the question the answer hides.

I seem to be making extremely grandiloquent claims for a breed of men and women historically despised while living and acclaimed when safely dead. But, in a way, the belated honor that all societies tender their artists proves the reality of the point I am trying to make. I am really trying to make clear the nature of the artist's responsibility to his society. The peculiar nature of this responsibility is that he must never cease warring with it, for its sake and for his own. For the truth, in spite of appearances and all our hopes, is that everything is always changing and the measure of our maturity as nations and as men is how well prepared we are to meet these changes and, further, to use them for our health.

NOW, anyone who has ever been compelled to think about it—anyone, for example, who has ever been in love—knows that the one face that one can never see is one's own face. One's lover—or one's brother, or one's enemy—sees the face you wear, and this face can elicit the most extraordinary reactions. We do the things we do and feel what we feel essentially because we must—we are responsible for our actions, but we rarely understand them. It goes without saying, I believe, that if we understood ourselves better, we would damage ourselves less. But the barrier between oneself and one's knowledge of oneself is high indeed. There are so many things one would rather not know! We become social creatures because we cannot live any other way. But in order to become social, there are a great many other things that we must not become, and we are frightened, all of us, of those forces within us that perpetually menace our precarious security. Yet the forces are there; we cannot will them away. All we can do is learn to live with them. And we cannot learn this unless we are willing to tell the truth about ourselves, and the truth about us is always at variance with what we wish to be. The human effort is to bring these two realities into a relationship resembling reconciliation. The human beings whom we respect the most, after all—and sometimes fear the most—are those who are most deeply involved in this delicate and strenuous effort, for they have the unshakable authority that comes only from having looked on and endured and survived the worst. That nation is healthiest which has the least necessity to distrust or ostracize or victimize these people—whom, as I say, we honor, once they are gone, because somewhere in our hearts we know that we cannot live without them.

THE dangers of being an American artist are not greater than those of being an artist anywhere else in the world, but they are very particular. These dangers are produced by our history. They rest on the fact that in order to conquer this continent, the particular aloneness of which I speak—the aloneness in which one discovers that life is tragic, and therefore unutterably beautiful—could not be permitted. And that this prohibition is typical of all emergent nations will be proved, I have no doubt, in many ways during the next fifty years. This continent now is conquered, but our habits and our fears remain. And, in the same way that to become a social human being one modifies and suppresses and, ultimately, without great courage, lies to oneself about all one's interior, uncharted chaos, so have we, as a nation, modified and suppressed and lied about all the darker forces in our history. We know, in the case of the person, that whoever cannot tell himself the truth about his past is trapped in it, is immobilized in the prison of his undiscovered self. This is also true of nations. We know how a person, in such a paralysis, is unable to assess either his weaknesses or his strengths, and how frequently indeed he mistakes the one for the other. And this, I think, we do. We are the strongest nation in the Western world, but this is not for the reasons that we think. It is because we have an opportunity that no other nation has of moving beyond the Old World concepts of race and class and caste, to create, finally, what we must have had in mind when we first began speaking of the New World. But the price of this is a long look backward whence we came and an unflinching assessment of the record. For an artist, the record of that journey is most clearly revealed in the personalities of the people the journey produced. Societies never know it, but the war of an artist with his society is a lover's war, and he does, at his best, what lovers do, which is to reveal the beloved to himself and, with that revelation, to make freedom real.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. napery. 2. grapefruit. 3. chapeau. 4. aperitif. 5. serape. 6. paperback. 7. scapegoat. 8. trapezoid. 9. Budapest. 10. shipshape. 11. lapel. 12. cheapen.

Krutch

Continued from page 17

gers has fallen—or been pushed—the fierce individualism of the committed artist. For each artist in all times has taken onto himself the severe and exacting burden of independence and singularity that qualifies him to interpret, identify, and symbolize, to view with a unique eye what is and give form to his vision. It is his ability to do this that makes him an artist as surely as it is a consequence that he shall travel alone an electron's orbit around the nucleus.

Yet his isolation is not estrangement, but a necessary condition to clear sight, like the mountaintop location of the telescope. From this vantage point, with this perspective, he makes his statements about reality in the language or the medium that bespeaks him.

SO far so good. Yet if this much is true, it is also true that the artist and society are bound to each other. It is from society that the artist emerges, by society that he is inspired, about society that he must care if there is to be purpose to his effort. Likewise, it is from the artist that society gains its loftier images of itself, gains a sense of the God-given individuality that exists within the whole.

It is a balance fairly struck, although never easily maintained. Society must always guard against its suspicions of differentness, must be willing to grant the exceptional behavior of the artist as the price of receiving from him a comment of value and validity. And the artist must accept the risk that his vision may be flawed, obscure, incomprehensible—the price of aspiring to truth.

The only thing neither society nor the artist can risk is alienation from one another.

FRAZER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1070

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1070 will be found in the next issue.

KACHAOF OBECLFM DPQBN

KCPHLF FTA LXFABBAOF

ZQF NEREWA FTA DLBB.

KEYOEB

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1069

Principles always become a matter of vehement discussion when practice is at ebb. —GISSING.

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CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; ideas for sale. All advertisements must be consonant with the character of Saturday Review. Rates for a single insertion, 60¢ per word, 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers. Rates for multiple insertions:—52 times 52¢ per word each insertion; 26 times 54¢ per word each insertion; 13 times 56¢ per word each insertion; 6 times 58¢ per word each insertion. Full payment must be received seventeen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address Classified Department, Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 36, New York.

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BRITISH BOOK BARGAINS—all subjects. Catalogues free. Wants solicited. Transbooks, Matawan 2, New Jersey.

THE PAPERBACK SELLER—"If it's bound in paper —we're bound to have it." 148 Front Street, Hempstead, N.Y. We pay postage.

BOOKS FROM BRITAIN—any publications—at U.K. prices at Standard conversion rate. Pay by your own dollar check against invoice to Stobart & Son Ltd, 22 Upper Thames Street, London, E. C. 4.

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(Continued from page 59)

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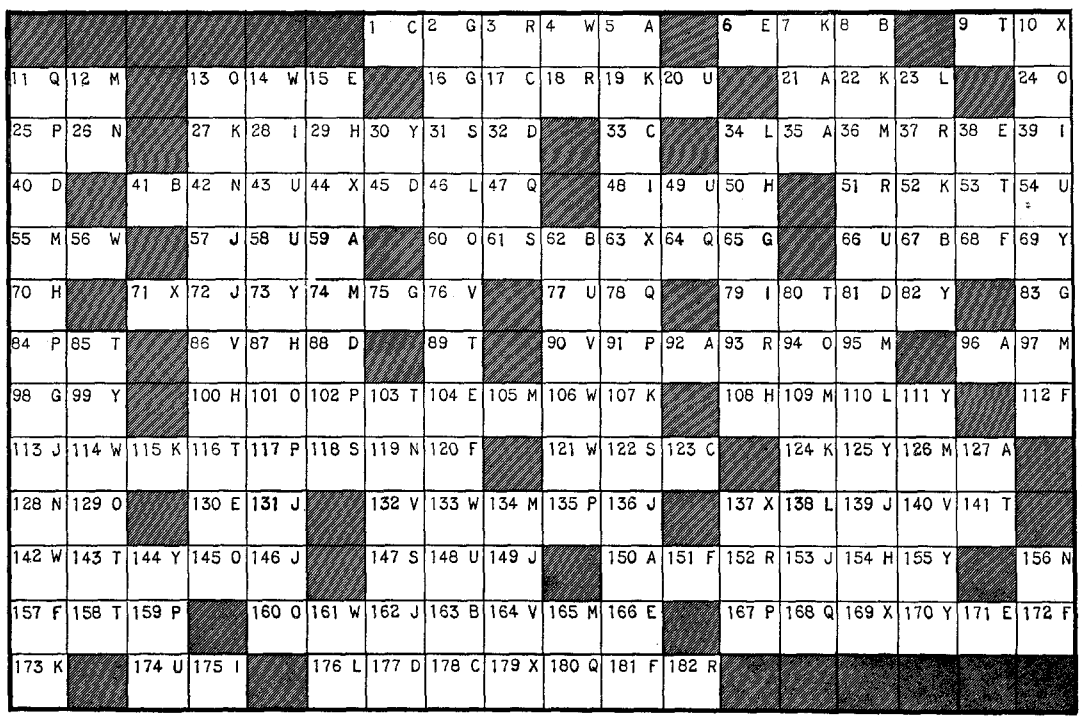
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Lover of Aïda in the opera.	5 127 92 59 21 96 35 150
B. Offensively coarse, rough, grating, etc.	163 41 62 8 67
C. Revolving with a buzzing sound.	33 17 1 178 123
D. Joyous curtain line by the children in Maeterlinck's *Blue Bird* (2 wds. after *There are*).	45 81 88 40 177 32
E. Saint who had to be buried in the yard of the church to keep the weather in check (862 A.D.).	15 6 104 166 130 171 38
F. Enter upon a railway trip.	112 181 151 120 157 68 172
G. Thracian ally of the ancient Trojans, whose horses were important in the auspices.	98 83 75 65 2 16
H. Peak of fitness; hence, a good thing to be "in" (2 wds.).	108 70 50 100 29 87 154
I. Important contemporary Amer. woman writer of fiction, plays, etc. (*Back Street*, etc.).	28 79 175 39 48
J. Delivered up to a foreign jurisdiction.	131 113 162 139 57 136 153 146 72 149
K. Ornamental growing plants used to cover extensive areas (2 wds.).	52 7 124 22 173 19 115 107 27
L. Woman, famous for good works socially and for peace (1860-1935); man, artist of the macabre, contemporary.	110 34 23 138 176 46
M. *The Happy Warrior* of Wordsworth, as left in obscurity (comp.).	165 95 74 12 97 134 55 109 126 105 36
N. Opera hat.	42 128 156 119 26
O. Common spring-flowering shrub.	24 60 160 129 13 94 101 145
P. Humorous and effective campaign slogan of recent years (3 wds.).	117 135 84 159 91 25 167 102
Q. Empty-headed person (slang).	78 168 47 64 180 11
R. Union organizer (1850-1924).	182 18 3 93 37 152 21
S. Subject of WORD R's special interest.	31 147 118 122 61
T. With irreproachable correctness.	53 85 80 143 103 158 89 9 116 141
U. At present in our possession (3 wds.).	58 174 66 77 54 49 43 148 20
V. Brilliant subject of the autobiography *Present Indicative* (contemporary).	132 164 90 86 140 76
W. Obtruding one's services where they are not needed.	4 121 142 161 114 14 133 106 56
X. What in a Kipling story was great, grey-green, and greasy.	169 44 179 71 10 137 63
Y. Long established slang for the prude (2 wds.).	82 144 69 155 111 99 73 170 125 30

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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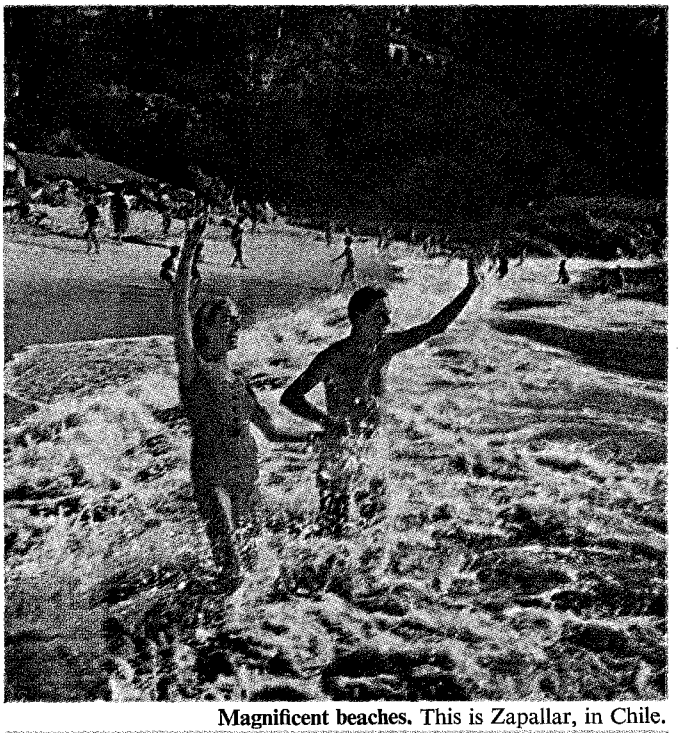
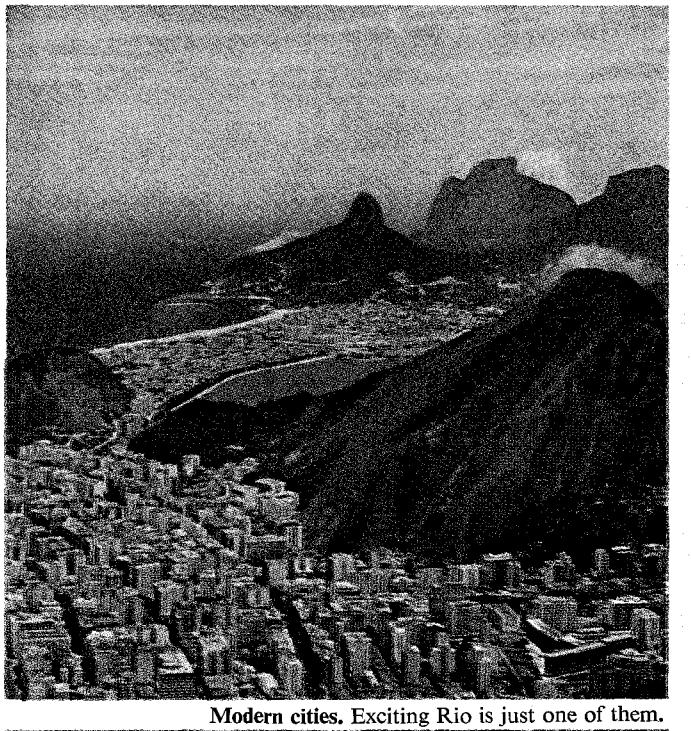
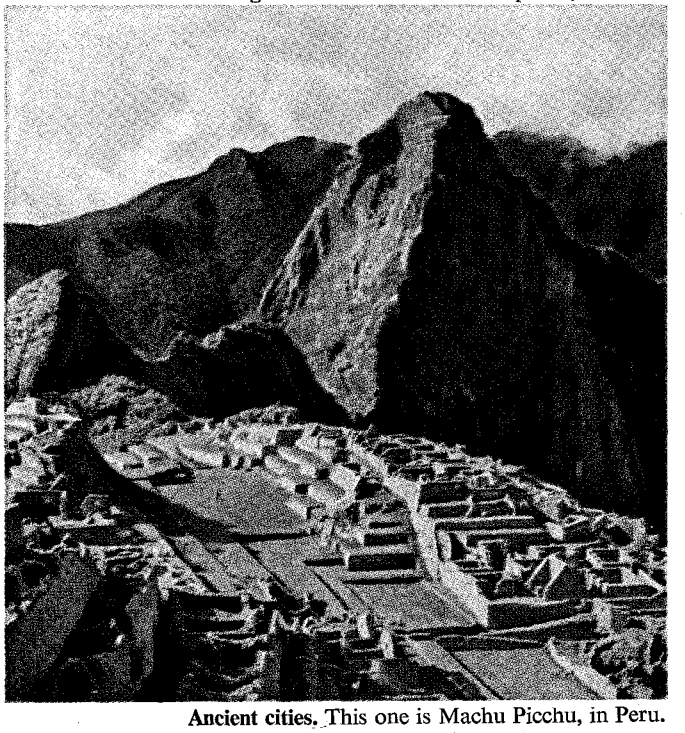


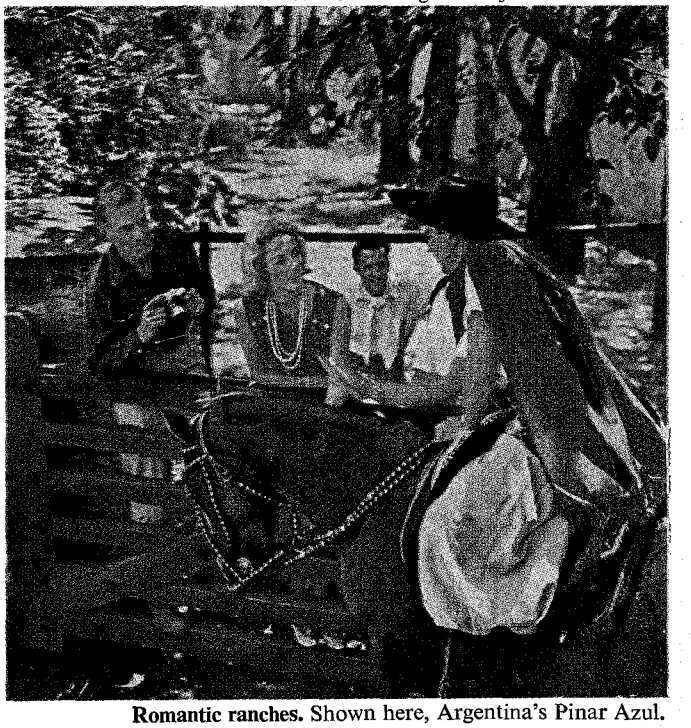
Magnificent beaches. This is Zapallar, in Chile.



Modern cities. Exciting Rio is just one of them.



Ancient cities. This one is Machu Picchu, in Peru.



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